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## Staccato.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON is expected to start this month for a tour in America, under the management of Maurice Strakosch.

MADAME MARIE ROZE, in addition to the gift of a diamond locket, has been honoured by the Queen with a fine autograph portrait. A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

THE inauguration of the Bellini monument did not take place as announced, out of consideration for the Catanians, who have been sufficiently occupied with the cholera.

IT is announced that Madame Patti will be married to M. Nicholas, otherwise Signor Nicolini, next June—when the ten months interval prescribed by the French divorce law will have elapsed.

THE *Revue des Deux Mondes* for November 15th contains an article of some interest upon John Sebastian Bach, by René de Récy. Wagnerians, however, will hardly fail to cry, "Crucifige!"

THE Scotch mind has been agitated by the problem of Manns *versus* Richter. The audiences were very far from being off with the old love, though it must be said they got on very well with the new.

MADAME MINNIE HAUKE is said to be winning approval in New York by her attitude towards "bouquet-throwers." The practice has developed into a nuisance, and the American *prima donna* simply leaves them to the not very tender mercies of the stage attendants.

DR ALESSANDRO ANTOLDI has invented a harp with a keyboard which has been on trial in the Conservatory of Music at Milan. Details are wanting as to the construction and merit of the instrument, but it is difficult to conceive it as remaining a harp under the new conditions.

SIR HERBERT OAKELEY has been receiving castigation in the Scotch press for describing the Edinburgh students as "poor lads" who could not pay to hear real singing. Some pertinent questions have also been put to him as to the discharge of the duties and administration of the funds connected with the Chair of Music.

THE perpetual repetition of the "Dead March in Saul" on all important funeral occasions has been assailed by Mr W. T. Best, who calls attention to the other notable marches by Beethoven, Chopin,

Mendelssohn, Hiller, Spindler, and Adam. There is certainly room for desirable innovation in this respect, though the old March is not unworthy of the honour which has been paid to it.

THERE is to be a great congress of musicians next year at Milan, and no fewer than 390 composers are said to have expressed their intention of attending it. Popular curiosity, surprised at the world's unsuspected wealth in this respect, is beginning to ask the question—What constitutes a composer? It admits of very easy answer—a composer constitutes himself.

THE Germans are getting up a Lortzing Celebration for the 20th January 1886, which is the thirty-fifth anniversary of his death. German Comic Opera owes him something, but it is not a commemorative festival which will excite much European sympathy. A centenary or a jubilee is all very well, but the close of a seventh lustrum has no special inspiration for outsiders.

"MANY a simple flower is burdened with posterous appellatives," says one Martin Tupper. The same may be said of musicians who sadly need some phonetic reform in nomenclature. Composers are apt to get sorely perplexed over the Mierzwinski, Wietrowetz, the Dielens and Breitkopfs, the Baschmakows and the Sangiorgis, the Kontskis, Strakoschs and Schuch-Proskas.

THE popularity of the musical entertainments at the Inventions Exhibition was so marked that they are likely to form an even more prominent feature in the projected Colonial and Indian Exhibition of 1886. All sorts of music, everywhere and always, is to be the ideal aimed at. The colonies should certainly supply plenty of variety if autochthonic music be included in the programmes.

BUSTS of Victor Massé and Emile Perrin have been commissioned for the Institute, from Aimé Milet and Cavalier, by the French Minister of Fine Arts. A second bust of Victor Massé is to be executed for the saloon of the Opéra Comique by Franceschi. These announcements are, however, less touching than the brief record that, a week or two since, his family and a few friends were present in the Montmartre, at the placing of the simple monument which has for its sole inscription—"Victor Massé, 1822-1884."

A CONTINENTAL contemporary has so far departed from the due height of professional gravity as to propound to its readers the problem—What is the most beautiful note in music? There is an ingenuousness about the question which scarcely prepares the serious mind for the answer—"Do sharp," because it is a *demi ré* (*admiré*). More sympathy will be accorded to the answer of the correspondent who suggested that the most beautiful

note in music is that which Adelina Patti hands to her manager at the close of each concert.

THE syllabus of Rubinstein's seven historical concerts will be read with more than usual interest, comprising, as it does, a series of works from the 16th century downwards—

1. Works by William Byrd, J. Bull, Couperin, Rameau, Scarlatti, John Sebastian Bach, Handel, Philip-Emanuel Bach, Haydn, and Mozart.
2. Eight Beethoven Sonatas (Op. 27, 31, 53, 57, 90, 101, 109, 111).
3. Works by Schubert, Weber, and Mendelssohn.
4. Works by Schumann.
5. Works by Clementi, Field, Hummel, Moscheles, Henselt, Thalberg, and Liszt.
6. Works by Chopin.
7. Works by Chopin, Anton Rubinstein, Glinka, Balakireff, Caesar Cui, Tchaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Liadoff and Nicholas Rubinstein.

VIRTUOSITY in guitar playing has not had many great examples since Paganini's escapade, and it is interesting to note a rumour that a guitarist of remarkable power has been performing at Barcelona. Whatever Tarrega's ability, however, a guitar on a concert platform is about on a level with stage decoration by daylight. The main charm of the instrument lies in the recollected romance of old environment. Behind the curtains of a black Venetian gondola or in the gardens of some Watteau *fête champêtre*, it has a sweetness of its own; but so far as these concert-room ingenuities are concerned, one can only be duly astonished and then pass round the hat.

WHAT shall be said, however, of virtuosity in an instrument which has not even the charm of romantic reminiscence? At a recent Crystal Palace concert a Grand Polonaise in E Flat and a Minuet were performed on the pianoforte and—concertina. There is no need to deny that the concertina has some meritorious qualities. When it is very well made, very well played, and at a sufficient distance to leeward, it has undeniable charm to the person engaged in playing it. Despite this fact, however, the pianoforte is sufficiently enduring without it to beget a sense of superfluity.

THE fondness of certain animals for music is a well-established fact in Natural History, but there is some novelty in the story of a recent attachment between a cat and an organ. Usually the animal is a monkey and the instrument more portable than the organ of Leek Parish Church. However, the cat in question took up her residence there, and in her gratitude for the spacious and airy accommodation, scratched away three layers of trackers, rendering the choir organ and swell entirely useless. This devouring passion for music had so far overcome her instinctive repugnance to the proverbial insubstantiality of church mice, that she has been persuaded only with difficulty to seek lodgings elsewhere.

## The Personality of Beethoven.

**D**ARKER than ever seems the riddle of humanity when one regards it in the person of Beethoven; and especially confusing to the sense it seems if an attempt is made to relate the musician's outward life to his tone-creations. An effort to describe the emotions aroused by the *Eroica* or the Ninth Symphony begets dissatisfaction at the poverty of language. When verbal expression has been pushed to exhaustion there remains something impalpable, yet very real—a sense of power and exaltation which bids defiance to analysis and shuns deliberate statement. Then, if we enter in imagination the lodging of the composer in Vienna, how sudden is the fall to the plain prose of life! There is nothing of the Titan in his bearing; undersized, untidy, he exhibits many habits of person that jar on the ordinary sense of refinement; while around him is the havoc strewn by neglect and absent-mindedness. Can it be that amid this mean desolation the mighty music was first conceived, on whose vibrations the rapt listener was upborne as on the pinions of a strong imagination?

Not only have the great symphonic creations had an origin so little in external accord with their grandeur, but it may be that out of no other organism and environment could they have grown. Had Beethoven been fated like Haydn to wear a court costume, resplendent in official blue and silver; had he complacently accepted the patronage of the great, and found his ideal, as Haydn did, in pleasing his Prince; had his temper never affected his digestion and his digestion never coloured the medium through which he saw life; had he been merry, dapper, and smooth of manner; then we might to-day, in speaking of Beethoven's music, be indicating simply a superior kind of art-decoration chiefly useful for gilding the idle moments of comfortable people. But Beethoven's nature was not in tune for the musical expression of an easy-going optimism. He felt too keenly the clash of life: to the harassing friction of an unyielding mind upon the stony wall of circumstance, he added the self-inflicted torments of an art-worker whose ideal took ever a higher flight as he approached it; and all his cerebration was tinged with the violent hues of a temperament having a physical basis something less than healthy.

Had his been a perfectly balanced nature, what then? It seems but sitting down impotently before the tangled business of life to say that a normally-constituted Beethoven would have been a happier—a more conventionally correct—individual, but he would not have launched thunderbolts into the

sphere of tone. Inscrutable, but true it is, that disease by stimulating high cerebral action in certain natures has in the ultimate a beneficent action for the race. Where average health might merely have added a unit to the sum of commonplace natures disease may turn the balance in favour of genius. And from what was revealed of Beethoven's physical constitution we have to conclude that the abnormal development of the musical faculty in him was at one with, and inse-

generosities; in his mad humour and stubborn silences. All these symptoms of a nature generating disturbance, if capable also of moments of exalted calm, are intensified in the later years, when the main avenue of sense, connecting the musician's inward life with the world, was closed. Driven in upon itself his nature expended its force along the channels of music. Thus it is we have the symphony transformed by Beethoven from a consecration of melodious, unmeaning musical forms to a supreme vehicle of emotional speech.

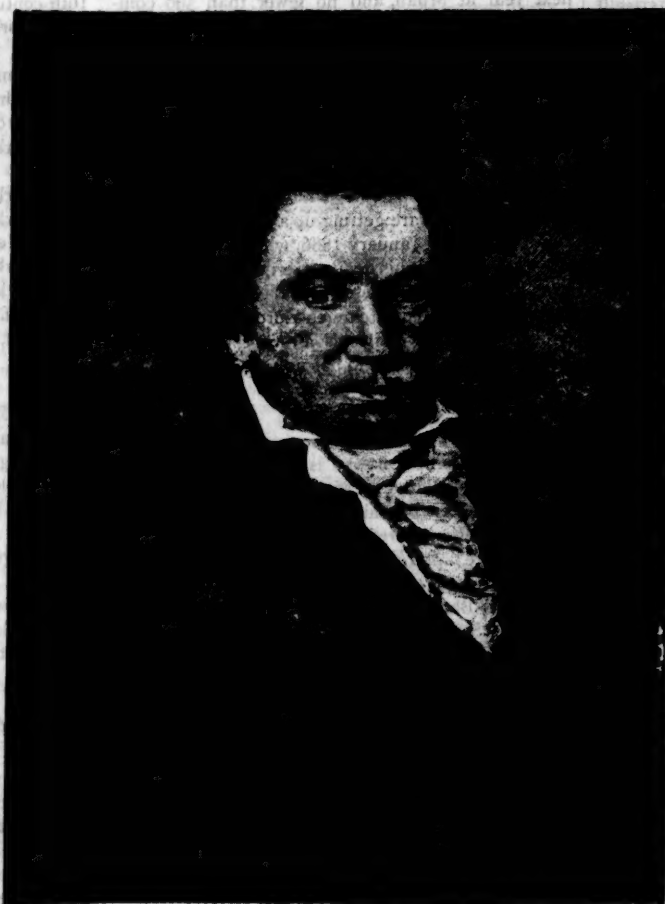
He is of all symphonists the one who thrills our fibres to the centre, because to a greater degree than any of his musical kindred he wrought in distemper and brooded in loneliness.

In another aspect every bar of Beethoven's work is eloquent of his individuality. The independence that made light of rules as well as of the plodding scholars who framed them and the weakling professors who respected them; the conscientiousness that extended to remote details in art as well as to personal intercourse; the indifference to current opinion whether regarding the feasibility of his music or the order of his domestic life; the patience of the self-critic no less than that of the teacher. These are some of the characteristics of Beethoven the unkempt, absent-minded, solitary man, and of Beethoven the splendid craftsman.

The personality of Beethoven is transfigured in the popular mind. Painters and sculptors have thought it necessary to put something of the quality of the Fifth Symphony into the features, making them express an ideal strength and energy. That Beethoven's figure was of great strength though of less than medium size is true, and the head was grandly set; but we feel that the face he turned with eager cordiality to his chosen friends and indifferently to the world must have been less classically heroic. All portraits however agree in re-

dering the largely-outlined features, the massive temples from which the abundant hair is thrown, and the luminous eyes. These characteristics are preserved in the portrait given on this page, the original of which was recently discovered at Freiburg. Though differing in expression from the previously known portraits, no one can doubt its truthfulness. In it some observers profess to see suggestions of his Dutch descent. The strong features are those of a man of strong character, not the idealised production of the studio. Beethoven's face is there; and we can conceive it reflecting the inward energy of the creative artist, or lighting up with the fire of genius when the *ragtime* is upon it.

EDITOR.



BEETHOVEN.

*From a Portrait in oil, painted by J. Mähler, of Vienna, in the year 1815; now in the possession of Herr Victor von Gleichenstein. Recently discovered at Freiburg, and photographed by Meurs Ruf & Delger.*

parable from, the unhealthy conditions that in his last and greatest period rendered his life so stormy inwardly, and outwardly so desolate.

To find in Beethoven's life the answering fundamental note to his music is, however, not altogether impossible, in spite of the surface discordance. He received on the threshold of the world a legacy of acute feeling destined to give rise to many a tempest of the spirit. In the youth it manifested itself in shyness and taciturnity and in the avoidance of most occupations that boyhood esteems. The more complex composition of the man exhibits this emotional activity in the ebullience of his friendships and his quarrels, in the strength and suddenness of his resentment and the careless play of his



## Musical life in London.

WHEN Herr Richter appears, Jove-like, in the orchestra, we expect no common renderings of the great masters' works. Nor are we ever disappointed, though I sometimes am inclined to wish that the array were as strong as the commander is skilled and valiant. At the Richter concerts the strings are undoubtedly weak, and taken altogether, the band cannot compare with several others in London, such as those of the Crystal Palace and Philharmonic Society. At the first concert, on October 24th, the "Tristan und Isolde" prelude and death-scene were given with marvellous delicacy and passion. In fact I prefer the "Liebestod" for orchestra alone to the original version, with a poor soprano on the stage shouting amid a seething tempest of accompaniment! Schumann's D Minor Symphony did not go so well. At the second concert, on November 3rd, the most noticeable features were a very fine performance of Brahms's No. 2 Symphony, and Mme. Valleria and Mr Edward Lloyd's singing of the exquisite "Spring Song" duet of Siegmund, and Sieglinde from "Die Walküre." I have never heard this duet to such advantage on the stage either in this country or in Germany.

At the Crystal Palace Concerts, Mr Manns has been continuing to produce "things new and old," some very good and some hardly worth the trouble of presentation. At the concert of October 24th, Mr Franz Rummel played Liszt's E Flat Concerto with astonishing fire and executive power; and a new overture by Mr Corder, "The Tempest," proved very attractive by its grace and piquant melody. The next concert, on the 31st, was mainly interesting by reason of a fine performance of Dvorák's No. 2 Symphony, first produced at a Philharmonic concert in the spring, a composition of such high order, that it has quickly taken its place among the few masterpieces of the present time. Mr Winch, the American tenor, sang gracefully, but with little power; and Gemma Luziani, a very youthful Italian pianist, played Mendelssohn's G Minor Concerto with rather too much power, but with little of the graceful feeling that the work demands. At the concert on November 7th, a symphonic poem, crammed full of motifs, "Leben und Liebe, Kampf und Sieg," by Herr Praeger, was played. Mme. Valleria sang an air from Massenet's "Magdalene," and Isolde's "Verklärung," with extraordinary feeling and power; and Schubert's C Major Symphony was splendidly played. A concerto for violin, two flutes, and the strings, No. 4, by Bach, did not go so well, and is interesting rather as a curiosity than as a work of permanent value at the present day.

THE Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts are among the compensations for these gloomy days of winter. The first Monday Concert was on November 9th, and a large audience in St James's Hall welcomed, on their reappearance, Mme. Norman, M. M. Ries Hollander, and (not, alas, Signor Piatti, who is still an invalid) Herr Franz Neruda, when they came forward to play the lively Quartet in F of Beethoven's Rasoumofsky series. Every piece was greeted with enthusiasm. Mme. Norman Neruda's solo, "Legende et Mazurka," by Wieniawski, was encored; and M. de Pachmann—hardly recognisable with the black beard that he has been cultivating during the summer—was recalled after a brilliant rendering of a Giga, with variations, by Raff, and played one of Chopin's etudes. Mr Edward Lloyd sang his favourite, "Preislied," from "Die Meistersinger," but not only is this air becoming a little hackneyed, but it is surely ill-advised

to produce it with a meagre pianoforte accompaniment, instead of that of the full orchestra, as intended by Wagner.

THE Brinsmead Symphony concerts made an excellent start on November 7th. Hitherto, often as the attempt has been made, orchestral concerts of good music at popular prices (such as Mr Halle gives in Manchester) have never succeeded in London, but Messrs Brinsmead pluckily, and, I opine, shrewdly believe that the experiment is worth trying again. Among other excellent innovations, the providing a carefully written analytical programme and the abolition of vexatious cloak-room fees cannot be too much commended. The concert began with Mendelssohn's lively "Melusina" overture, followed by the noisy march from Moskowski's "Jeanne d'Arc." These pieces sufficiently showed the fine qualities of the band, led by Mr Carrodus, though Mr George Mount, the conductor, is hardly one to inspire enthusiasm. The best performance was that of Mr Prout's symphony in F, conducted by the composer, which went with admirable spirit. I did not enjoy Chevalier Emil Bach's rendering of Beethoven's E flat concerto; it was boisterous and yet feeble. Mr Maas sang "Dalla sua pace," and "Lend me your aid," with beautiful voice and expression.

OF Gounod's "Mors et Vita," produced for the first time in London at the Royal Albert Hall, on November 3, little need be said, both because the work has already been described in these pages when it was first given at the Birmingham Festival, and also because it will be frequently repeated throughout the Kingdom during the coming season. It is an advance on "The Redemption," and contains much that appeals, by the pathos and melodic beauty with which the solemn words of the "Dies Irae," and of passages of Holy Writ are invested, to the best religious feelings of our nature. But I should hesitate to say that the master-hand is there. The beauty is rather sensuous than sublime; the composer fails to reflect in his music the grandeur and majesty of the themes he has chosen. On this occasion the principal parts were admirably rendered by Mme. Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson (in place of Mme. Patey), Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley, and the Royal Albert Choir and orchestra once more proved their splendid efficiency under Mr Barnby.

OF other concerts but a brief line must suffice. The Covent Garden Promenade Concert, at which the prize overture, "Peveril of the Peak," a work of considerable merit, by Mr E. H. Thorne, was produced, are now over after a most prosperous season. Herr Peiniger has been giving some very interesting violin recitals, at which several curious old English works for harpsichord and strings were produced. Mr Walter Bache, constant in his devotion to Liszt, has been playing some of his master's "Etudes d'execution transcendante," and Mme. Patti has appeared, for the last time this year, at Mr Watt's concert in St James' Hall. Of winter concerts now before us the list is even more than usually lengthy.

## Wagner and Sgambati.

IN the article on Sgambati, which appeared in our pages last month, reference was made to Wagner's recommendation of the Italian composer to the eminent publishing firm, Messrs Schott of Mayence. Since then the full

text of the letter has been communicated to the *Musical Standard* by Sir Robert Stewart, and we now quote it for the benefit of our readers who are interested in Sgambati:—

ROME, 23rd Nov. 1876.

HONOURED SIR AND FRIEND,—I would have written to you long ago about the corrections in the score of my "Götterdämmerung," but I have had no time to do so. Only one thing remains in my recollection, which was to ask you not to have the following mistakes in the next edition. Page 614 is, *note bene* in the 2nd bar, the ♯, "this is the sign of the manuscript as — (pause) understood, in spite of the slur over it." The cor Anglais, the 4 horns, the fagotti, bass clarinets, bass trumpet, 4 tubas, bass tuba, and the 2 kettle-drums is the whole note of the previous bar, to be repeated first, and the pause (—) taken away.

Honestly speaking, my to-day's letter has another motive than the previous remarks. I wish to introduce to your notice most seriously and particularly, for publication, two quintets (pianoforte and strings) by Signor Sgambati, a Roman. My attention was drawn by Liszt to this excellent composer and pianist, in the highest sense of the term; and it would now give me great pleasure to introduce into the higher musical circles such a large and original talent—personally and in his compositions—which is rather misplaced in Rome. I have advised him to travel all over Germany, and Vienna, and perform his compositions; and, knowing myself how tedious is the new German chamber music (even Brahms's), I would expect a grand result from his (Sgambati's) compositions. For the present I recommend to your notice the two quintets, which I have had performed several times for my own pleasure.

Please do not lose the opportunity of entering into an arrangement with this noted musician, even if you have to offer him a moderate fee. If this does not meet your views, I will even go further; but I would wish you to answer at once, as I shall only be here eight days longer.

With sincerest greetings, yours,

*Richard Wagner*

Via Babuino, Hotel America.

This letter is addressed to Dr Streeker, proprietor of the house of Schott and Söhne. As Sir Robert Stewart remarks, it derives especial interest from the extreme rarity of Wagner's praise of any one.

## Stanzas for Music.

### VII.—BALLAD OF THE WHITE LADY.

Her dress was all of satin fine  
That shimmered like the moon,  
A twine of lilies crowned her head,  
And silken were her shoon.

Her hair was darker than the night,  
Her eyes as fire that shone,  
To wither every evil thing  
That they might look upon.

A viol by a ribbon black  
About her neck did hang,  
And as she drifted in her boat  
She played thereon and sang.

My body lay amid the reeds;  
I might not move nor cry;  
But once she turned and looked on me  
As she went drifting by.

Ah, she was fairer than the sky,  
Her eyes were fire that shone;  
They withered every evil thing  
That they might look upon.



## Programmes.

WHEN the unsophisticated visitor from the country to the metropolis goes to a Richter concert, not because he knows or cares enough about music to make the faintest class distinction between the overture to "La Gazza Ladra" and the prelude to "Tristan und Isolde," but because a Richter concert is one of the sounds of London, and therefore not to be missed by the complete tourist, his first experience is the payment of half-a-crown for admission. (Here let millionaire readers, who habitually pay half-guineas for stalls, forbear and read no more. The economic considerations which dictate this article have no weight with such.) His next is an encounter with a gentleman who carries a bundle of white pamphlets, and cries incessantly "Book of the words! Programme! Book of the words!" A book will evidently not only be a guide through the unknown ways of a Richter concert, as to the nature of which the tourist's notions are of the vaguest, but will serve as a memento of the occasion in after years in the quiet country home. "One shilling, please," says the vendor. That is forty per cent. on the price already paid for admission. The visitor is staggered; but he is too much of a sportsman to grudge a shilling during a holiday trip, and he pays with assumed cheerfulness, privately adding the incident to his stock of instances of London roguery. Whilst waiting for the concert to begin, he opens his purchase and reads. It contains some historical information which is not of the slightest interest to him, and much technical detail which he does not understand. He can just gather that it becomes him to prepare with awe for the treat in store for him. Having always believed that the musicians in a band played by ear the tune agreed upon, whilst the basses improvised the harmony as they went along, he can make nothing of the references to the score. Vague notions of plan, pre-arrangement, and rehearsal oppress him with a sense of his own ignorance. He looks furtively at his neighbours; but they do not seem puzzled. They may, it is true, be only pretending to understand their "book of the words;" but no sign of imposture is perceptible. What can he do but imitate their serenity as best he can? When the band begins at last, he cannot make head or tail of the noise they are making. Occasionally they break into something like a tune, and then he smiles and beats time with his foot; but his neighbours frown and "shsh" angrily at him, and the tune is presently "developed" as the book calls it; that is, it becomes no tune at all. At the end of the concert he plucks up a little, and goes off to supper, after which he feels that now that it is all over he is glad he went. If asked subsequently whether he liked it, he will not reply directly, but will observe seriously that it was very fine—very fine indeed. But he has one solid grievance, if he chooses to ventilate it. He has been compelled to pay a shilling for a book of which only one page—the bare list of pieces, worth some fraction of a farthing—was of any use to him.

Take another case at the opposite extreme of musical culture. An experienced concert-goer and accomplished musician goes also to the Richter concert. He also requires only a list of the compositions to be performed. He has read over and over again, at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, what Sir George Grove and Mr C. A. Barry have to say about the No. 3 Leonora overture. When "the movement comes to an impressive close on the tonic of the original key," he knows it without referring to a printed statement. He has read what Schumann said about Brahms and about everybody else, and he does not believe the little anecdotes as to what Beethoven said of "the young Franz Schubert." He objects to have his attention called to "remarkable modulations" that are only

remarkable on paper. The old works he knows; and he would fain follow the new ones without being pestered and prejudiced at every step by somebody else's opinion, particularly when that opinion is only a forced remark made because the writer, being paid to say something, did not consider it honest to be silent even when he had nothing to say. Yet all this can the amateur not avoid unless, as many prudent matrons do, he cuts the advertisement from the newspaper and keeps it in his pocket for reference. Even then there may not be light enough to read small print by in a half-crown seat beneath the gallery. The chances are that he has to succumb to "One shilling, please," and to swallow the impertinences of the analyst with as few wry faces as possible. Occasionally, when the work is quite new, he derives an ill-natured satisfaction from the false estimates into which the analyst has been led by the necessity of judging the score by eye instead of by ear. For, though it is by no means safe to infer the intention of the composer from the achievement of any particular orchestra, still rasher is it to infer his achievement from his intention as expressed on paper. This, however, is neither here nor there; for the pleasure of finding out that an analyst is fallible is decidedly not worth a shilling. And when the work analysed is a familiar one, as nine-tenths of the works performed at classical concerts are, not only is this gloomy triumph denied to the musician, but the analysis, instead of being a brand new essay on the work, is a stereotyped reprint that has done duty many times before, and will as many times again. It is quite maddening to calculate how this reduces the cost to the concert-giver, whilst the concert-goer cannot escape "One shilling, please."

And here we come to the interests of the general musical public, who approve of analytic programmes as on the whole helpful and interesting. Professional concert-goers may both find and make useful memoranda in them, and they are particularly convenient when the critic goes to sleep during the performance of a new work; as, when the next thunderclap from the drum wakes him, he can, by referring to the analysis, guess how much he has lost during slumber. But were programmes fifty times as convenient, a shilling is a shilling; and in this instance a shilling is too much. It is a monopoly price, and represents, not the cost of production of the book, but the utmost sum that a sufficient number of persons will reluctantly yield sooner than go without. Now this most pestilential principle assures the least happiness of the smallest number. Suppose the audience to consist of a thousand persons. Suppose that each of them will pay sixpence for a programme, but that only five hundred will pay a shilling. A thousand programmes will be printed in any case, the first time the experiment is tried. A return of £25 will, let us further suppose, satisfy the greed of the management. ("Greed" may not be polite, but, as has been already said, a shilling is a shilling.)

Now, in the interest of the greatest number, this return should be secured by the sale of the thousand programmes at sixpence. But in the interest of the concert-giver, five hundred will be sold at a shilling, and only five hundred provided at the next concert. Five hundred of the audience will thus go programmeless, and the rest will suffer the exasperation of having had to submit to double extortion. And in the future the price will go up and the supply diminish, until a point is reached at which the profits decline instead of increase. For instance, it would not pay to raise the price to ten shillings, as nobody would buy at that price, and the expenditure for printing programmes, which are valueless except as waste paper after a concert, would be a dead loss. The public, in short, will be "exploited" until it strikes. At present the demand for a shilling causes a partial strike; but there are sufficient "knobsticks"—i.e., compliers with the demand—to cover the loss occasioned by the strikers.

But a strike of purchasers on a rising market is foredoomed to failure. The only remedy lies in competition. Inside the concert-room there can be no competition; the concert-givers have a monopoly there. But the monopoly ceases at the street door. If any private speculator, upon ascertaining the programme of a concert from the advertisement in the daily papers, chooses to compile an analytical programme, print it, sell it at the doors for ninepence, and gain for it a reputation for trustworthiness, the public will buy outside at ninepence instead of inside at a shilling. The concert-giver, after a few vain placards to the effect that authorised programmes are to be had within only, will have to reduce his price to sixpence, only to be again underbid by the man outside. If the latter have had the requisite qualities and capital, he will finally compel all concert-givers to contract with him for the supply of analytic programmes, and he will conduct that branch of music publishing as a separate industry. The fear of competition from rival speculators would thenceforth prevent him from taking advantage of the transferred monopoly to re-establish the old extortionate prices. Nay, it is quite possible that by developing the practice of inserting advertisements in the programmes, he might eventually find it to his interest to give them away gratuitously, embellished with handsome portraits of celebrated singers who have been soaped, or ammoniaphoned, or miraculously cured of a cough.

If no speculator is hardy enough to adopt this suggestion, the abuse will continue, and be aggravated as time goes on. One-and-sixpenny programmes will soon appear, and we may yet pay half-a-crown for a pamphlet of stereotyped matter costing less than a penny to produce. Let the reader who has just paid a shilling for his programme at one of the three recent Richter concerts, take that expensive volume and compare it with this Magazine (the circulation of which, by-the-by, is not compulsory, as that of a concert programme practically is), and consider whether something cheaper ought not to be forthcoming in this age of competitive license. Tender-hearted people who very properly mistrust modern cheapness, may note that a reduction in the price of programmes would trench on profits and not on wages. Even profits would probably be increased in the long run by a concession to the impecuniosity of the art-loving middle classes; but it would be a waste of time to work this probability out in the hope of influencing such very bird-in-the-hand politicians as the monopolists who charge a shilling for an analytic programme.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

## Recollections of a Famous Basso.

ABLACHE had attained the zenith of his fame when I first heard him sing. The opera was "Don Giovanni," and when the overture with its mingling of animal vivacity and fateful trumpet tones had been played, the curtain rose upon the dwelling of the Commendatore, discovering in an angle of the street the most massive of Leporellos. Then began the introductory air, "Notte e giorno," every note of which penetrated the theatre, and yet was obviously not the effort of a person singing, but the easy soliloquy of great natural strength. This sheer physical power emphasised the attitude of wholesome dread which Leporello maintains towards his reckless master. The nervous air with which he retired under the shade of the house as the Don was heard approaching, sat most comically on his vast frame; and in the later stages of the opera, this effect was enhanced as the Don's ready wit,



reckless pursuit of pleasure, and scorn of consequences were brought into contrast with Leporello's spiritless bulk. Indeed it was an artistic defect, inseparable from Lablache's personality, that his Leporello too completely filled the stage. If some scenes were thrown into strong relief, others were disproportioned, and it was rarely that an actor could be found to make the Don sufficiently insistent as against Leporello's overbearing strength.

At this time the lavish way in which nature had built up Lablache's frame invited a running commentary from every opera-goer. It was said that the *mise-en-scène* had to be wrought up to him, and that in the wings the greatest activity prevailed among the supernumeraries who had to see to his exits and entrances. As a development of corpulence, his figure was remarkable; but not less so was the muscular force of the man. Masetto had a bad time with him. Lablache was accustomed to lift the rustic, and a good-sized one too, from his feet and give him a few admonitory shakes before carrying him off under one arm. At rehearsal he often entertained his fellow-actors with his feats, a common way of exercising himself being with a double bass, which he extended over the orchestra in one hand. It has been gravely asserted that one of his boots would have made a small portmanteau, and that a child might have been clad out of one of his gloves. Although showing signs of unwieldiness in movement, Lablache's comportment was always dignified, his stature enabling him to minimise the effect of increasing corpulence; and in earlier life he must have had an unusual share of personal beauty. There was a strong Jupiter-like quality in the features, which they never entirely lost, and his facial expression to the last was remarkable for flexibility. Imagine a voice formed in the same royal dimensions, and you will have some idea of the power of Lablache's tones. The music he had to render was, it is true, not overloaded with orchestration like that of the present opera, and he had relatively less difficulty in enforcing himself; but when a fortissimo had to be given, no trombone player needed to spare his lungs on the singer's account. Above the clamour of the instruments Lablache's voice came like a dominant organ-pipe, or like the overmastering boom of some great bell. He rarely used his full power; indeed, it was a common remark in the pit that Lablache had the audience at his mercy. Those immense vibratory tones of his might shake the house to its foundations! And there was a story—probably apocryphal—that his E flat had once wrecked a conservatory.

Lablache's dramatic versatility was very great. Nature had cast him in the mould for such largely outlined parts as Oroveso in "Norma" and Assur in "Semiramide." These are essentially singing parts, demanding only from the actor a stately and impressive bearing. But it is otherwise with a rôle like Leporello, where mere sonority would be unendurable. Lablache had a rich unctuous humour in the comic part which made one forget that he ever shone in the kingly wearing of flowing robes. He was, I believe, of mixed Irish and French parentage, and may thus have taken into his organisation more pliable elements than most actors are fortunate enough to possess. Certainly there was an easy breadth about his production of comic effects which is not shared by the average Italian buffo, whose method runs often to mere fussiness. Lablache was irresistibly droll in a quite effortless way.

For more than a quarter of a century Lablache enjoyed a world-wide celebrity. Some of the largest sums paid to artists were received by him. For a four months' engagement he received, in 1828, the sum of forty thousand francs; and a few years later the same amount was paid by one manager to another, merely to liberate him for a short season. And Lablache's relations to managers and to the public never varied. For one thing, he was the most conscientious of artists, constantly aiming at filling up and rounding familiar performances, while eager to engage in the creation of new

characters. Only a few years before his death, when he was on the verge of sixty, he created new types in operas by Halévy. Members of his own profession were the readiest to admit his constant application of brains to his work. When Lablache had performed a part, it was no longer the same; new possibilities had been disclosed, the ideal had been raised, and actors who followed him were compelled to strain towards his level of excellence. The honours which flowed in upon him in course of years were thus justified by more than stage glamour.

Though it seems but a few years since Lablache was singing, his life really connects us with men who are very remote. It is not easy for those who remember, with the vividness of a recent experience, the enthusiasm showered upon the great basso in his famous impersonations, that the hero of it all had, as a child, sung the contralto part in Mozart's "Requiem" at the obsequies of Haydn. Lablache was also one of the thirty-two torch-bearers who followed Beethoven's body to the grave; and to him was committed the singing of the solo part in the same "Requiem." There are not many singers who have taken personal part in the deep emotion aroused by the death of two of the master-spirits of classic music, and have also moved audiences to laughter at an advanced period in the reign of Queen Victoria.

Lablache belonged to the great golden epoch of Italian opera. Never again are we likely to have such hours of delight in purely sensuous beauty as fell to those who heard the incomparable quartet that made Bellini's operas famous. A new spirit has entered into music and into audiences. I do not know whether the great vocal effects—the tones to be taken as tones, the embellishments which were held to be justified by their own beauty—would not now seem as in great part an elaborate waste of breath. Art must advance if it is not to decay; and were the elements so to mix themselves that another Lablache might be produced, music would turn his gifts to very different ends. He remains in the memory as the greatest exponent of certain types of character expressed through the forms of a school of music now receding from us. Lablache had no peer, and he is not likely to have a successor. H. NORTH.

## The Future of the Vocal Art.

THOSE who mourn the decadence of Italian opera may reasonably plead that, with all its faults, the Italian style bred a race of great singers; and if it can be shown that the ebbing fortunes of that form of opera are coincident with the disappearance of vocalists of the first rank, the claim that it should have a continued hearing will have been put on a fairly rational basis. Making all allowance for the proneness of the average man to exalt the past, there remains an amount of evidence, not to be gainsaid, in favour of the superiority of the singers of the last generation. In England we still hear at rather distant intervals one or two artists whose singing is in the "grand style," but they are now in the position of stars, dwelling apart, and, in the natural course, must ere long disappear beneath the horizon of the art-world. As far as our own country is concerned, it would seem as if the traditions of a brilliant school were being summed up. Pasta, Grisi, Mario, Lablache, and the other members of the illustrious family of vocalists that held the hearts of our fathers in thrall, have no successors among the younger singers who are heard in England to-day. And this is a statement which may consistently be made, while gratefully acknowledging the presence among us of many meritorious artists.

That an art which had been brought to such high perfection should be in danger of languishing is a thing to be frankly deplored. Much may be said for merely sonorous beauty, even by those who require a dramatic justification for every bar of music performed on the stage. The tones of a Grisi or a Titiens had in themselves, taken simply as vocal mechanics, a splendour that thrilled the sense. In the most meaningless embellishment that Bellini ever wrote there was always a certain brilliance because of the technical strength and finish of the vocalist. A succession of famous singing masters had laboured to produce this noble vocal instrument, and the mere exhibition of its perfection was a delight to the art-lover, even when he recognised that it was not altogether making for righteousness on the lyric stage. And in his unreserved enjoyment of vocal decoration the frequenter of the Italian opera was at least frank with himself. It was the art of the thing, the easy surmounting of difficulties, the charm of tone that he admired. The opera-goer to-day is less ingenuous and perhaps less rational. For while a singer who indulged long trills and variations would be derided as introducing exercises, or as showing an inartistic love of display, the same order of effect produced on a violin or pianoforte is often hailed as an exhibition of wondrous technique. Clearly if pure bravura work is to be tolerated on instruments, we cannot, without strange prejudice, find it unlovable in the voice—in some respects the finest instrument of all.

The decline of the vocal art connects itself with the fact that we now stand at the parting of the ways in opera. The old operatic ideal is crumbling under a criticism at once from the literary, the musical, and the dramatic side; and in this criticism there is involved the extinction of the singer, who, if he did not himself dominate the opera and reduce the composer to a barren writer of vocal flourishes, was, at any rate, the lineal descendant and inheritor of the traditions of a race who took this imperious course. In the transformation of the lyric stage now going on, the singer is becoming the servant of the dramatic poet; and as his concern is the expression of truth, so must ornamentation for its own sake subside into the position of false art. Wagner represents the extreme form of a tendency everywhere prevailing. Those who essay the singing of his works find that all the pretty artifices they may have laboriously learned in the Italian school are not drawn upon, and that they have to co-operate with an orchestra in the rendering of verse demanding from them declamatory power, a severe perception of rhythmic beauty and of the value of gradations in emphasis. It is far from being asserted that this form of the art is on a lower plane than the other; as a necessary part of an ideal dramatic unity it makes a more strenuous requisition upon the singer's power to co-operate to a given end; but it does not involve the training and practice which gave us the Italian singer's voice of luscious sweetness and marvellous flexibility.

While the lyric stage has been slowly approximating to a form governed by essential dramatic necessity, it has also felt the influence of the cry for a national opera. To be national is to part with some of the characteristics of the foreign school; and some might be disposed to urge as a balancing consideration that if our opera and our singers are not great, at least they are our own. When Italian was the universal language of music, it was natural that the highest musical capacities appearing throughout the world should be drawn to the Southern schools to practise a limited number of rôles, and to breathe the atmosphere created by the historic singers. Now the feeling of nationality obtains to the extent, at least, of demanding that a popular art should be rendered in a language understood of the people. It would certainly go some length to reconcile one to the comparative crudeness of the singers marshalled by Mr Carl Rosa, if one felt that this was the inevitable accompani-



ment of an attempt to found a school of national opera. But while we have opera sung in English, we have not as yet even the prophecy of a national opera. That hybrid product obtained by the transference of the picturesque sensualism of "Carmen" and "Manon" from French literature to the English stage, cannot long masquerade as English opera. The ideal of such operas is as low pitched as anything that ever issued from an unregenerate Italian source; their stage method is not greatly in advance of the worst Donizetti ever achieved; and the singing in them is not comparable to what we were accustomed to hear in such fossilised works as "Traviata." If we are to have a national opera it must be founded, as Weber founded the German opera, upon the legends, the literature, and the life of the people; or as Wagner founded his music-dramas, on ethical problems as exhibited in the ideal light of a universal mythology. At present the English public extends considerable favour to imported operas, the musical and literary contents of which are so little in advance of the old Italian works, that the difference is not worth discussing; and whereas, the Italian opera was the means of displaying a fine lyrical art, and often delighted the amateur with tone sensations of supreme power and beauty, the stage in England to-day is occupied—with one or two exceptions—by vocalists who have obviously had but the minimum amount of voice-preparation for a not exorbitant duty.

The time, doubtless, is a transition one. We must not expect to have the vocal splendours of Italian art without its accompanying limitations. Indeed, in all operatic matters it has to be said: "Blessed is he that expecteth little." Those who speak with affectionate regret of Grisi and Titiens, and avow their belief that their like will not be seen again, may be answered, that as the Italian school of singing flourished with the growth of Italian opera, so may the vocal art be raised to a high pitch in England by the establishment of a really national opera. It is a consummation that looks infinitely distant: but that way progress lies. What is needed is that opera should be raised into the position of one of the permanent enjoyments of the people, instead of being a kind of unreal visitation; energy of all kinds—literary, musical, dramatic—would then flow towards it. Meanwhile, there is no blinking the fact that the art of the lyric stage has in England never attained the level of the Italian performances for perfect voice-culture and capacity to charm the ear. Would that it were possible to add that deficiencies, as tried by the ear, are balanced by excellencies appealing to the understanding. The truth is that the increasing importance and quantity of the orchestration in opera, and the greater stage bustle, now occupy the attention of audiences, whereas, in former times the singer was exclusively on trial. That is the explanation of the tolerant way in which singing is accepted here that would receive sharp disapproval abroad. The younger generation of vocalists, with whom the future rests, may be counselled to resist the tendency to perfunctory work, and to keep the high standard of the palmy days of singing before them. Whatever revolutions may be worked in music, the vocal art should not be permitted to recede permanently from its high place.

G. TEMPLE.

As time runs on, sources draw nearer to each other. Beethoven, for instance, did not need to study all that Mozart studied—Mozart needed to make less research than Handel—Handel than Palestrina—because these had already absorbed their predecessors. But from one source only, something new is ever to be obtained; from John Sebastian Bach!—SCHUMANN.

OF the three first pianoforte trios by Beethoven, Henselt says in his pregnant form of speech—"They have become, the latter ones were made," and this stands good in a higher degree for the last solo sonatas of the great musical thinker, which, as every one knows, form a faith for themselves.

## Artists and their Admirers.

**S**CENE—a young gentleman's study in an old country house, Heathercote Hall, in Westmoreland. Mr Arthur Ford, the proprietor, is evidently of aesthetic tastes, as shown by the long ranges of books in elegant binding, the pictures and ornaments scattered about the room, and the open grand piano on which are many scattered sheets of music. In London he prides himself on being the originator and conductor of the Eclectic Orchestral Society, formed of enthusiastic young amateurs, kindred spirits, whose ambition at present is laudably in advance of their powers.

It is the day after Christmas Day, and Arthur Ford, Miss Helen Ford, his sister, and Harold Curzon—the musical critic of a London paper, on a visit to his friend Ford—after spending the afternoon in skating on the Mere among the pinewoods behind the Hall, are met in the study for an idle hour by the firelight, before dinner.

Arthur Ford. One thing I like about Christmas is that every thing seems to share in it. It is as if the first story were being repeated every year, and the shepherds and their sheep, the earth and the watchful stars above it, the poor human creatures in hamlets and towns, and those "wise men" who have wandered the rest of the year so many weary leagues in search of truth, all find a blessed rest, a "truce of God," at this time. Pardon me if this sounds rhapsodical. I was thinking of that wonderful "Good Friday" music in "Parsifal." Wagner says—

"All earthly creatures in delight  
At the Redeemer's trace so bright  
Uplift their prayers of duty."

Curzon. I know what you feel, though properly the "Christmas spell" has less to do with it than some might think. For myself, I enjoy the perfect repose of this winter time among the mountains and lakes, we are far away from the jarring noises of town, and if you will allow me to say it, the glimpse of home life at Christmas is enough to make anyone feel happier and better. What a glorious time Christmas is for children! For the matter of that, we all of us have something of the child's pleasure in it; don't you think so, Helen?

Helen. I am afraid that you're thinking of my "child's pleasure" in helping to dress the church with evergreens, and all the holly and mistletoe we have been filling this house with! But, Mr Curzon, don't you like the Christmas music—even those curious carols that the people kept us awake by singing on Christmas Eve.

Curzon. Yes, and those carols were very interesting indeed. Very rude and simple in their way, but I have no doubt they have been sung by very much the same kind of people among these hills for hundreds of years, and there is a singular old world quaintness and beauty about them. Do you not see how fond composers are now-a-days of imitating the old peasants' tunes? But they never seem able to reproduce quite the old thing—any more than poets can reproduce the genuine ballad strains.

Arthur. The only people really to be pitied just now are the singers and others who have to rush in cold railway carriages all over the kingdom, to give the "Messiah" over and over again. How tired they must be of "Comfort ye," "He shall feed His flock," "The trumpet shall sound," and the rest!

Curzon. Well, of course, it's their profession, and there is always a pleasure in doing one's work well and being paid for it; and besides that, I suppose those who are real artists always must feel something of the beauty of the best music, however often repeated. A thousand times of the "Messiah" or "Elijah" would not pall upon you, Arthur, so

much as twenty times of an opera by Offenbach or Lecocq. Speaking of artists travelling, did you ever read an amusing book, "The Enterprising Impresario"?

Helen. No; what is it about?

Curzon. It relates the adventures of a concert-party "on tour," and the anxieties and troubles of the manager who has to look after them. Mario, and Grisi, Benedict, Hatton, Sivioli the violinist, and other artists figure in the book. Curious, the interest that the outside public take in all about the private life of noted people—artists, politicians, and the rest. And, yet, if they only knew, it's very much the same as that of the rest of the world.

Arthur. The mistake, I fancy, is in the idea that in private life these celebrated people pose very much as they do in their public parts. They expect them all to be like Mrs Siddons who put such tragic tones into "But will it wash?"

Curzon. Just so. And the beauty of the thing is that some of the best artists are ready to talk about everything but their own work. I am bound to confess that actors may be an exception to this rule, but then, you know, they have to put more of their individuality into their work than singers or players. I know one of our leading tenors who would probably be bored if you spoke to him about his singing, but praise his painting—he dabbles a little in colours—and you touch his heart at once. And among our lady singers, I know several who are never so animated in conversation as when they can discuss servants and babies, and the household matters that they, notwithstanding their wanderings about the country, delight in keeping touch with.

Arthur. I remember, in the book you mention, the telegram Grisi required to be sent every morning about her children at Brighton, and her motherly flutter about their little illnesses. After all, "there is a great deal of human nature in the world." By the way, there is a strange story in that book of a lady who used to appear at every opera and concert when Mario used to sing, no matter in what capital of Europe it was. She had never spoken or seemed to wish to speak to him; she was simply infatuated with his voice. She at last died in a very tragic way in Paris, being accidentally burned to death while dressing before a performance of "Rigoletto" there.

Helen. How dreadful!

Curzon. Well, I suppose she was happy in her infatuation while it lasted. If one were to moralise, there is something not so very pleasant in the contrast, as regards this popular *furor*, between the fate of the composer and that of the one who executes his work. We all know about the indignities to which Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, &c., were subjected. Schumann once accompanied his wife, the celebrated pianist, on a musical tour. Some prince to whom he was introduced, in company with his wife after a concert, wishing to be polite, addressed the composer in this way—"And you, sir, are you also musical?" Poor Rubinstein, it is a dreadful trial to him that people will not accord him the honour as a composer that they lavish on him as a pianist. After concerts in Russia he has been simply mobbed by great ladies rushing forward to kiss his hands; but except his shorter pieces, no one cares very much for the works into which, he would say, he has put the best part of his real self.

Arthur. When you speak of that sort of thing, there are no end of stories about the extravagances committed, especially by ladies (you know it is true, Helen), in expressing admiration of great artists. One of the most extravagant I remember was in connection with Capoul, the once favourite French tenor. He had been singing at a concert in some provincial town in France. After it was over, the ladies rushed into his room behind the platform, but the singer had fled. Oh, misery! but suddenly a happy thought occurred to one of the ladies. She saw the washhand basin in which he had recently washed his hands. Here was an opportunity for an interesting reminiscence! The



ladies actually emptied the dirty water into their vinaigrettes, and this accomplished, walked away in triumph.

**Curzon.** Of late years, though we have never had, I should fancy, anything like the Jenny Lind *furor* while it lasted, one story, almost too absurd, I heard about this, and I tell it as a pendant to yours, Arthur; for in this the enthusiastic actors were men and not ladies. An Englishman, who, like some others of his race, did not greatly trouble himself about art, was staying in a German town. One morning he got up early and went for a long walk. When he returned, he noticed that hundreds of young men were parading the streets with white strips, apparently of linen, in their caps. Supposing that this was one of the freaks of German students, he did not take very much notice of it. After returning to the hotel, he walked up to his room, and there, to his amazement, he found everything in great disarray, and every particle of the sheets had disappeared from his bed. He then made enquiries, and gradually the whole story came out. Jenny Lind had been singing in the town the night before, and after the concert the students had serenaded her, though the Engländer did not hear this, being too sound asleep at the time. The next morning, immediately after Jenny Lind left the town, a band of the more fanatical students had stormed the hotel, rushed to the room where they believed she had slept for the night, and carried off as trophies fragments of the sheets on which she had reposed. Only unfortunately they had gone into the wrong room, and despoiled the poor Englishman's couch instead.

**Helen.** How tired the really sensible artist must be of hearing the same applause, and having to make the same bows and smile the same smiles every night! I mean, they must know how little discrimination there is in the shouting and stamping; for I am sure I have often heard the piece which was worst in itself, or executed the worst, most noisily encored, simply because of the singer's voice, or of something that tickled the public fancy in the tune. What do you think, Mr Curzon, is really their feeling about encores?

**Curzon.** Well, I can hardly say, for I have no doubt different artists have different opinions about it. Sims Reeves, and perhaps some others, earnestly object to the principle; but I am inclined to think that if you were to put it to singers and players generally—"Shall we or shall we not have encores in the future?" the vote would be given for the continuation of the encore system. You see an artist lives by using his voice or fingers for the public, and it is at all times a matter of moment to him or her to retain the public favour, and of this encores are a more or less valuable proof. As a matter of fact, singers and players have it quite in their own power to put an end very soon to what some call a nuisance, if they were always to keep to the rule of repeating a portion of the encored piece. The public really do not want that as much as a new piece added to the programme.

**Helen.** Ah, there is the bell; and you are always so punctual about dinner—in the country! I hope we shall have some more skating and talking to-morrow.

J. J. B.

## In a Dream-Nighted December.

"**B**RAIN? Heart?" said Edward Hensley to himself as he read Philip Arden's sad little letter of invitation; "what he wants is not physic but friendship. Ergo, I go; and the work can wait." With praiseworthy promptitude he packed his valise, locked up his rooms, laughingly left the notice that he should be in at four o'clock still standing on his door, and took the train for Warnisbrooke. Five

hours later, as the red December sun sank behind the misty barrier of trees that blocked the valley entrance, he strode over the lawn of the lonely house in which Arden was living; and, disdaining the use of the vulgar bell, introduced himself to the notice of the inmates with a triple "Ho-yo-to-ho!" which would have startled the Walkyrie. The door flew open instantly; Philip himself, with a transitory access of almost Southern demonstrativeness sprang forward to embrace him; and in a few moments he found himself sitting, despoiled of his burdens, in the cosiest of studies, and stimulated to unusual eloquence by his quiet friend's sympathetic silence.

It was only after they had extracted all the gold they could from the vein of reminiscence by the cruder processes of mutual suggestion, that they turned from the past to the present. Leaning back in his chair, and looking lazily about him, Hensley marked with satisfaction the many evidences of his friend's taste, and at length ejaculated:

"Upon my word, I am more than envious of your surroundings, you old sybarite."

"Why?" said the other, with a smile that had a flash of satisfaction in it.

"You don't know, of course, that I envy you your Dürers and your Marc Antonios; that I want to steal your 'tall copies,' and your 'uncuts,' and your 'gilt tops,' and your 'tawny moroccos;' that I am in love with your piano; that I could break your Dresden and Faience out of sheer spite, and that—what, that thing here still!"

"Yes, that thing here still," said Arden slowly, with an abstraction that his friend did not notice.

"Not finished yet, I warrant," laughed the latter, rising and flicking a cloth from a picture which stood on an easel in the corner. It was apparently an interior of some kind, with two figures—a man's roughly indicated, and a woman's in a somewhat more developed state; but the absence of detail left the subject a matter for conjecture.

"No, I don't envy you that," he continued. "If I had it I should be like the musician who left off in the middle of a piece, and then could not sleep until he had got out of bed and played the tonic. I couldn't keep a couple of ghosts pinned out on canvas in that condition. Give me a brush, and let me at least put in a good concrete button to redeem something from the vague!"

"Don't go on, there's a good fellow," said Arden, uneasily. "You have worn the theme pretty threadbare in past years. Play your tonic. Did you ever see this?" He pushed across the table a small Petrarch—a miracle of binding in its white and gold; and Hensley, accepting the change of topic, set himself cynically to prove that Dante was a weak creature and Petrarch a virile and energetic mind.

The picture, however, was not forgotten by either of them, though, with curious contrariety, it was Arden who was the first to recur to it. They were sitting after dinner quietly before the fire, Arden with a cigar, and Hensley with an exceedingly mature pipe. The latter was as silent as his companion, his vigorous mind lulled in that after-dinner bliss, which comes to men who work with their brains as it comes to no others.

"It was very good of you to answer my note so quickly," said Arden at length, half shyly. "I have been fearfully lonely and dull of late, and to-day especially is always a bad day with me."

"Very good of me, indeed," echoed Hensley, with a puff of smoke, subtly expressive of irony, deprecation, affection, and encouragement.

"The fact is," continued Arden, "to-day—well, I have told you most things, and you may as well know the rest. I should probably have told you before, but your constant chaff about that picture—that I was waiting for the ideal woman, and should probably at sixty fill it in with a virgin of fifty, and so on—put me off telling you, you see?"

Hensley saw, and, blaming himself for any possible pain he had caused his friend, puffed on in silence.

"You know that brain-fever that wound up my art career in Paris seven years back?"

Hensley nodded.

"Some time before then I had been working in the Louvre, when a girl stopped to watch me. Something in the face struck me, and I made a commonplace remark about the picture I was copying."

There was a humorous droop about Hensley's lips, which suggested a foregone conclusion; but the smoke happily veiled it.

"We soon got interested in our talk, and as it was near closing time, I packed up my colours and walked some distance with her. I found she was studying music at the Conservatoire, that she knew nobody, and was glad to talk with me. For my own part, I saw in her a possible picture, for it was the most perfectly emotional head I had ever seen—eyes that sometimes seemed to pass far away inward, and then suddenly to take so intense a light that the whole of her heart and mind, seemed concentrated in them. Well, it ended in her coming to sit for me, in her playing to me, in my absorption in the single thought of her coming. Still I said nothing, though I think she knew. Then came this evening seven years ago. Paris was insurgent, had vomited out its accursed scum into the Boulevards; but I paid no heed to it. It was enough that earlier in the day she had slipped down the street which separated us, and was sitting in my studio. I had begun that picture; but the work went on very slowly, and with much light talk and laughter. At last I threw down my palette and opened the piano. 'Sing me something, *petite*.' '*Méchant*! write me some verses, then.' 'Very well, amuse yourself at the piano in the meantime.' I jotted down some lines that I had been crooning to myself during the day, and handed them to her. She read them through slowly two or three times, and said, 'Oh, but they are sad! However—' She sat down, and had played a few bars by way of prelude, when she suddenly started from her seat, crying, 'Hark! What was that?' I had noticed nothing; but in a moment or two there came a clatter of feet past the window, and then almost without warning, the quick rattle of rifles. To my horror," he went on, greatly excited, and trembling violently from head to foot, "she sprang across the room towards the window. 'Come back, you fool!' I shouted, as I ran to intercept her. She gave me an indignant look, and turned from me, and then—they could not have aimed wilfully at a woman—curse them!"

He rose and paced the room with hurried steps. "I don't know what I did. I believe I went out into the street, caught a rifle from a falling man and fought with the rest. But I only clearly remember before and after, when I found myself in the hospital, recovering from the brain-fever that nearly made an end of me."

There was no smile now on Hensley's lips, though still he said nothing—only rose, and taking his friend's arm, led him back to the fire and stroked his hair in strange womanly fashion. "Not that!" gasped Arden hoarsely, putting the hand aside as he dropped his head upon his arm, shaking with sobs that were the more terrible to witness, because they made no sound.

Putting his cigar case on his friend's knee, Hensley went back to his chair, re-lit his pipe, looked at the fire and waited.

It was some little time before Arden grew quiet again, but at length he came over and said with a strained level voice—"I did not mean to put your hand back unkindly, old fellow, but I am clumsy. The woman I best loved died with reproachful thoughts of me; but you understand, don't you?"

"I know, I know," replied Hensley gruffly; "and I know that you want a ten-mile walk. Wait a minute." He went and returned with Arden's overcoat, buttoned it under his chin as though he were a child, and led him out into the garden.

They went up by the old church on the hill-top and for a moment thought of entering it to try the organ, of which Arden spoke approvingly. Hens-



ley, however, anxious to dismiss music from his friend's thoughts, declined on the ground of the intense cold, and they went on together in the clear night across the frosty fields. By the time they returned, Arden seemed to have entirely recovered himself. Hensley had expounded the scheme of his "magnum opus," and laid his friend's wide reading under contribution; and the latter was enthusiastic in his aid.

"Now," said Hensley at length, "I must do some work before I turn in, and I shan't do it if you stay here with your interminable quotations. So if you will kindly betake yourself to the rest you need, I will see to the lights, and you may sleep in safety under my protecting wing." With a final prayer that he would be sure to make a note of a passage in the Ramajana, Arden bade him good-night, and reluctantly went up stairs to bed.

It must have been a matter of two hours during which Hensley sat at the desk, working and dreaming by turns, his friend's story haunting his thoughts like a shadow in the background. A creak on the stairs startled him. "Confound these old houses!" he muttered as he turned to his papers again. A second creak brought him to his feet. "Somebody about, and it's past the witching hour! A fine chance for a desperate affray with burglars, and a courageous capture," he thought as he turned out his lamp to secure the advantage of a dark background, and noiselessly but swiftly threw open the door, which stood at an angle of the staircase. Relieved to find it was only his friend, he was about to address him when a glance at his face made him pause. The eyes were open, but set and glazed; the gleam of the stair-lamp fell on brows still moist with sleep; the livid face was drawn downwards, and to the side, and his heavy breath blew a slight foam through the unclosed lips. Without altering his pace he passed Hensley in the doorway, descended the lower flight of stairs, and opened the hall door. Fearful of the consequences if he awoke him, Hensley decided simply to follow him to preserve him from possible injury, or to aid him if he returned to consciousness. The moon shone brightly on the crisp lawn as the two figures passed over it and into the road. Then the first turned to the right and commenced the ascent of the hill closely followed by his shadowy attendant. At the church he paused, unlocked the door, and entered the narrow tower staircase, mounting so rapidly that Hensley could not stop him. To the latter's satisfaction, however, he turned off into the organ loft, which formed part of the tower opening on the church. Making straight for the organ, and slipping back the shutters, he seated himself on the bench, rubbed his hands, pulled out some stops and tapped thrice on the woodwork. After a pause he tapped again, and Hensley, guessing at his meaning, sprang to the bellows and inflated them. There came a low sound as Arden dropped his hands upon the upper manual, and played slowly a brief note-sequence. Then he broke off suddenly, changed the stops, and played it through again, ending upon the same unresolved chord. Twice, thrice, again and yet again he went on—always the same broken phrase. Inflating the bellows to their full extent, Hensley slipped backwards and forwards from the handle to look at the player. As far as he could see in the moonlight, his look had not changed; the muscles of the face seemed fixed unalterably in the haggard woe which it had worn when he had first seen him outside the study door. And all the while through the shadowy arches of the church the sad music kept rising and falling, till it seemed as though it would not cease till the daylight glimmered through the coloured eastern window. It was interrupted at length, however, by a discord that brought Hensley once more to the front of the gallery. One hand of the player had fallen idly upon the keys, while with the other he pushed back the stops. Then he rose, closed the shutters, and crossing the gallery, passed down and out into the air.

In a short time they had reached the house


again, and Hensley paused that his friend might enter. To his surprise, however, he did not do so, but, after putting his hand to the door, remained rigidly before it. Then it flashed upon Hensley's mind that he had closed the door behind them, and that both he and Arden were shut out. Before he could take action, his friend again moved and tried the handle—pushing it gently at first, then more roughly, until at last he threw himself at it and beat upon it in frenzied fashion, as a man in a dream beats against the coffin in which he thinks himself enclosed.

"Arden! Arden!" cried Hensley, springing across the garden towards him. There was a harsh, shrill scream as Arden threw up his hands and staggered back from the door. "All right, old man, I am here," said the other, as he caught his dead friend in his arms, and lowered him gently to the ground. M. W.

## A Popular Note on Musical Pitch.


It is a hopeful augury of speedy emergence from the region of pure theory, when the subjects of discussion amongst specialists begin to awaken a more general interest. Movement towards reform, even in matters of art, is in no small degree a question of mass; and the attention or the sluggishness and indifference of the cultured public considerably influence the rapidity with which even the smallest practical changes are accomplished. The question of musical pitch has begun to enter upon the stage of development in which this wider attention is excited, though, as yet, there is naturally more wonder than intelligence. Most people are vaguely aware that something of alleged European importance is agitating the minds of professional musicians; and they are curious to penetrate beyond the threshold of the seldom profaned sanctuary of musical theory, to ascertain what the precise nature of the conflict may be. When they do so, they are apt to be, at first sight, profoundly puzzled. They are able to appreciate an European embroilment over an imaginary insult, or a party disruption about an additional twopence. But the humours of a profession which divides itself into separate camps over the matter of a few vibrations, more or less, is to them a problem of almost theologic inscrutability. How many vibrations should go to an A, and how many spiritual essences can stand upon the point of a needle, appear to them questions of not wholly dissimilar importance. An elementary statement of the main problem is, therefore, to some extent necessary, in order that the non-professional public may realize that in the matter of musical pitch—

"The little more and how much it is;  
The little less and what worlds away!"

The simplest statement of the main source of trouble is that, though we have a universally accepted system of nomenclature and symbol, indicating with sufficient subtlety the relations of tones to any given tone, yet we have no accurate indication of their pitch. Thus a note  may be 415, 416, 433<sup>2</sup>, 441<sup>7</sup>, or any other number of vibrations according to a hundred different tastes. The execution of the same piece of music is, therefore, so far different in different hands, that a grouping of instrumentalists from various countries, sometimes even from various towns of the same country, would inevitably result in discord. A certain limit in the choice of pitch is assigned by the compass of the human voice, but within this the possibility of variation is exceedingly large. Put briefly, the principal difficulties of an arbitrary pitch are, the obstacles to concerted

music without change of instruments: the fact that an alteration of the pitch for which music is written, affects in many ways the character of the piece; and the further important fact that the tendency towards a gradual but constant rise in instrumental pitch seriously affects the relations of vocal and instrumental music, rendering the satisfactory vocal performance of some of the older music practically impossible without a transposition of a semitone, and in some cases even more. Variety and height are, therefore, the two poles of the current discussion, though decision is of course far more easy in the former than in the latter case. It needs no elaborate logic to convince musicians of the advantages of the adoption of one definite standard by which instruments shall be tuned, and in accordance with which the musical notation shall not merely indicate relations of tones, but shall possess specific vibrational equivalents. But when the question, "What vibrational equivalents shall be assigned to what notes?" is asked, there is ample matter for debate.

It is this latter question which is to be the central theme of the conference which is being held at Vienna as we are going to press. Apart from the importance of Vienna in the musical world, there is a certain appropriateness in its adoption as the place of conference, for the progressive rise in pitch in Europe derives very largely from an impulse given at Vienna in 1814. The Emperor of Russia then presented to an Austrian regiment a set of instruments somewhat higher in pitch than was customary. The added sharpness and brilliancy begat emulation on the part of other bands, the opera was affected, and Mozart's pitch was soon left three-quarters of a tone behind. The desire to be brilliant at all costs spread rapidly; violinist and instrument makers continued to tune higher; until, in the Paris Opera there was a record of a rise of more than a full tone in the space of a hundred years. It was in Paris that the reaction first took definite shape in the appointment of a commission, including the well-known names of Halévy, Auber, Rossini, Berlioz, Meyerbeer, and Thomas—to consider the matter. They decided to fix the number

of vibrations of the  at 435 vibrations\*—a compromise between existing pitches. This is still more than a quarter of a tone above Mozart's pitch, but it must necessarily take an important place in the deliberations now taking place in penitent Vienna, inasmuch as it is the only standard pitch existing. It has been adopted by Belgium, by Russia, and by some of the more important theatres of Europe, but elsewhere, instrument-makers and instrument players alike are left to their own devices. Whether the Viennese Conference will regard possession as nine-tenths of the law in this regard, cannot of course be prophesied, but it may be regarded as certain that no higher pitch will be chosen. While the French pitch can claim pre-occupation, there is a strong movement in favour of a yet lower vibrational number as the standard,—such as that known as the Pythagorean, Milanese, Moeren's or Philosophical Pitch of 432 vibrations for the once accented A. This has often been supported for erroneous reasons, as was indicated in a recent article on Wronski's theories, but it is not the less a convenient standard from all points of view, theoretic, instrumental, and vocal. Which ever be chosen, it will yet remain to be seen whether English musicians will adopt it. On the Continent, where maternal Governments look after musical pitch as an important part of their legislative functions, the result of the Viennese Conference will very possibly have universal weight. Here it is a matter for independent action on the part of musicians, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that we shall continue to maintain an anarchical insularity. H. M.

\* Usually stated at 870, the French method of counting vibrations being different to that in use in England. The tuning-fork made as the standard is, however, 433<sup>4</sup> English, or 870<sup>8</sup> French vibrations.



## A Vision of Paganini.

It was far on in the evening, and the orchestra was hard at work with that revived energy which is proverbial in the case of a horse with its nose turned homeward. The violins, more nearly in tune than they generally were, for it was a performance of more than common interest, were complaining in a wild, rambling fashion about nothing in particular, it being the habit of violins, in their more serious moments, to lapse into transcendental pessimism. Presently the glittering cynical laughter of the piccolo changed complaint into remonstrance, and the indignant violins worked themselves up into the conventional fury which heralds the close of the piece. Then came the final crash, and the basses arpeggiating heavily down to the lower D, punctuated the whole in irreproachable, if not altogether novel, fashion.

Before the note of dismissal, however, had released the enthusiastic audience from their places, a little door at the side of the building had opened and closed behind a tall thin figure, which stood for a moment or two irresolutely on the steps. Then it turned and walked rapidly with a curious kangaroo-like gait down the narrow alley which led into a main street, scarcely wider than itself. The place was almost deserted, for the loungers had taken up their station at the front of the concert room, to watch the outgoing tide of faces. An occasional clamour of laughter and music streamed out, with a glare of light, into the pervading darkness from some popular wine-shop; but the most noteworthy thing was certainly this lank, looping skeleton, which hurried past them, as if desirous of escaping notice. At length, in the dark corner of a square, into which the street suddenly broadened, the figure halted abruptly, descended two or three steps, rapped thrice, and waited, rapped twice in quick succession, and then, as the bolt was withdrawn, threw open the door, and entered. Speech was apparently at a discount, for he said nothing as he went down the passage to a long and well-lighted room at the end of it, threw a violin-case on a chair, leaned his elbows upon the back of it, and dropped his chin upon his slack inverted wrists. Even the half-reluctant applause murmured, which ran round the room at his appearance, called forth no further sign of recognition than a momentary and half-ironic flash in the heavy eyes, which were instantly turned towards the table. No one knew better than he that the brief recognition of his fame as a virtuoso would, in a few seconds more, be forgotten by everyone in the enthrallment of the game.

The whole room, indeed, with its misty brilliance and thick, heated atmosphere, seemed to throb with suppressed excitement. There was no noise or bustle, the feet fell silently on the carpeted floor, the figures shifted a little now and then, as some pale or flushed face fell back from the group and a new one took its place, but the only sound was a low, deep hum of voices, broken by the rustle of paper, the clink of gold, and the whirring of the modern wheel of fortune. It was not long before the last comer, who had remained motionless, like a vulture craning its neck in the direction in which it scents carrion, raised himself erect, and took a stride towards the table.

"Messieurs, faites votre jeu," sang the croupier in a soft chant, not less potent than that of the sirens.

A long arm and attenuated hand was stretched out to him with a rouleau of gold, and a voice, the lowness of which failed to hide its discordance, muttered the words, "Numero treize."

"Numero treize," echoed the croupier, as the louis were deposited, the wheel revolved, and the song rose, "Le jeu est fait. Rien ne va plus."

The luck, however, was against the player, whose face took a keener expression as the words, "Trente-deux; rouge. Pair et passe," announced his discomfiture. But when the initial formula, "Faites votre jeu," was repeated, the same long, thin arm and skeleton hand was thrust forth again with its gold almost automatically, and the same low harsh voice said—"Numero treize." The players looked at him and then stealthily at each other, but said nothing, though one or two of them followed his strange leadership in placing their stakes. Failure again resulted, and the gold was raked away, but it appeared to have no influence upon the player's steadfastness of purpose. Again and again in quick succession came his single utterance, "Numero treize;" indeed, renewed failure seemed to kindle more vigorous life within him. The vulture stooped went out of the neck, the dull eye took an unnatural lustre, the pale hollow cheeks were flushed and moist, even the weak voice seemed to acquire new force and vibrancy. The players were stirred. This man had faith. Whether he had discovered a system or had had a dream: whether he trusted in the God of the Christians or the goddess of the gambler—the great goddess,



Sketch by D. MacLise, R.A., in Forster Collection at South Kensington.

Luck; or whether (which seems more likely) he had faith in and friendship with the devil—it was all one to them. His faith inspired them; his curious presence bound them with a strange-mesmeric influence. One after another they began to back his play in the chase of the elusive fortune which danced attendance upon "Numero treize."

How much he lost himself he appeared neither to know nor to care any more than he knew or cared who followed, lost, and cursed him as they slunk back penniless from the table. But when at length he drew forth his last rouleau of gold, it was obvious that his excitement became intense. Almost before the croupier's cry the hand was thrust nervously forward. "Numero treize?" asked the croupier with a shade more expression than usual in his monotone. There was a pause, and then the voice answered—"Trente-deux—en plein." A bombshell dropped in the room could not have created more sensation than this sudden change without apparent reason, and something very like a groan of astonishment rose from the group. Then the wheel ran round, an hour seemed to pass, and the ball rattled into a compartment. "Le jeu est fait. Rien ne va plus," sang the croupier, and then, as the players turned instinc-

tively to the tall gamester, came the statement of the winning number—Numero treize.

To their surprise, however, so far from showing any mortification, the victim of this freak of fortune simply laughed—first a low demoniac chuckle, and then with all the heartiness of which he seemed capable. It was an expensive joke, but it was a joke which he evidently appreciated—that he should have thrown up his hands just as he was about to touch the shore; and his laughter found a sympathetic echo from more than one who had waited to see Numero treize out and had profited by their patience.

The loser had fallen back from the group and was resuming his violin case, when one of the watching crowd went up to him and drew him aside.

"Do you care to stake more?"

"Why?"

"Here is money; you are welcome to the loan of it, or you can stake it for me, or," and he hesitated, "I would gladly give you it in return for one favour."

"And that?"

"That you should play me something on your violin."

"You expect me to sell my art like that?" was the rejoinder, "It is well that you—"

"Messieurs," came the croupier's monotone,

"faites votre jeu."

The violinist paused in his sentence, and then flung to the floor the purse which the other had proffered him.

"As you will," said its owner. "I did not mean to offend you. Take it or not; play on the violin or at the table, or leave them, just as you please; but the purse will lie there till it rots so far as I am concerned." And he turned away to the crowd again.

The violinist looked at the purse with his head quaintly askew, as the jackdaw of Rheims might at the Bishop's ring. Then he looked after its departing donor and laughed. Finally, as the clink of the gold under the rakes struck his ear, he stooped, took up the purse, and following the owner of it, pulled his coat, and whispered, "I will earn your money, you fool."

He lifted the violin case, went to the end of the room, took out his instrument, plucked the strings to ascertain their condition, but made no attempt to tune it, and then, leaning his left shoulder against the side of the window, began to play. Whether or not his bad luck, or the environment, or some innate whimsicality of disposition affected his playing, it was certainly a curious medley. It opened with a phrase of unequalled melodic sweetness, as it commenced in pure round tones and sang upwards with the clearness of a flageolet. Then, before the responsive phrase was completed, he shifted his bow to the fourth string in a half ironic but curiously realistic imitation of a person's sobbing and crying. It was not unlike the grim sneer with which Heine at times rounds off some sentimental lyric. The playing, however, did not end there, for the bow suddenly darted off in a series of astonishing sequences as he slid his fingers with the rapidity of lightning along the strings till the violin almost raved in enharmonics. As an exhibition of technique it was unequalled, though little method was discernible in the madness, until the gamesters, who had been momentarily attracted by it from their game, turned to the tables, and the inevitable croupier's song—"Messieurs, faites votre jeu" arose again. Then the violin, pausing in a headlong downward flight, suddenly commenced to echo the chaunt in almost human tones, dropped it and took it up again, ran with it over all the strings and up and down the scale, interspersing it with quaint turns and inversions—"Messieurs, faites votre jeu, faites votre jeu; Messieurs, Messieurs, votre jeu: le jeu est fait—est fait; rien ne va plus: Trente-deux, rouge; pair et passe, pair et passe!"

Gradually this shaped itself into a sort of dance;



till, as the tall gaunt figure swayed to and fro, and the black hair shook about the dead waxen face, it seemed as though the figure of Holbein's picture, in the grimmer mockery of modern masquerade, was standing there playing on its crossed bones, a more tremendous and terrible Dance of Death. The gamblers forsook their table under its spell. They might not realise its full potency and meaning, might not see the vision which was ready to shape itself before them—the vision of the weird circle of the dead, hollow-eyed, with grinning teeth and shredded finery clinging to their limbs, who flung themselves in tumultuous dance about the player, and sang in horrible chorus—"Le jeu est fait—rien ne va plus." But some suggestion of it could not fail to touch them as the bow leapt and swung, and the long bony fingers wound grotesquely over the strings, singing out the measured phrases, shrieking back unearthly comments with more than mortal anguish, other than human mirth.

Suddenly he stopped, bowed abruptly and awkwardly to his listeners; with a smile that was almost a grin, and the words, "Rien ne va plus." Then turning to the owner of the purse, he added the question, "Have I earned it?"

"Have you!" muttered the other under his breath, with a sigh between gratitude and relief.

"Very well, then," said the violinist, "Monsieur, faites votre jeu;" and as the croupier took his seat he flung the unopened purse down with the cry—"Numero Treize."

The wheel revolved and the crowd bent forward as if to witness a miracle.

"Le jeu est fait," said the croupier. . . . "Zero!" With a laugh the gambler seized his violin and chuckled his way down the passage and into the street.

"Who is that?" said a new comer.

"That?" answered a second. "That is Paganini or the Devil."

NORMAN OLIPHANT.

## The Story of the Æolian Mine.

**A**LTHOUGH he bore the good old English name, Frankland, and hailed from Massachusetts, no one could doubt that he derived his real characteristics from ancestors who had taken existence easily in the sunny Rhineland, blending there the sentiment of a past steeped in legend with a present that did not too rudely dispel romance from life. Indeed, if his features had not stamped him the son of his German mother, the fact would have been declared by his tendency to dream dreams and to sing about a certain lovely, wonderful maiden named the Lorelei, who sat upon a rock combing her golden hair, and luring infatuated mariners to destruction; and, if further racial evidence were needed, it might have been found in his binding himself with hooks of steel to a domesticated Lorelei, while as yet his surplus earnings scarcely bore the strain of furnishing ribbons for her smooth locks. Where the islander came out in him was in a tenacious holding even to impracticable courses. The son of England, who had settled upon the eastern seaboard and taken unto himself a German wife, had transmitted to his child the obduracy that will not acknowledge defeat. He mixed sentiment with all his projects until they took a visionary hue, but wrought them out as stubbornly as any fanciless John Bull.

Of course, the miners of the Blue Mountain were loftily superior to any such character-indications. Their summing-up of a man had something of the swiftness of intuition. A new-comer had scarcely crossed the floor of the drinking saloon at Crosscut, when a complete and rounded estimate of his character was offered for the acceptance of the community. And though the method was

crude the result was not wholly wanting in shading. There were, for example, certain fine lines that differentiated the "fool" from the "soft." To the uneducated eye the use of the two terms may often have seemed to imply a distinction where there was no difference; but when one had breathed the mountain air for a space and saw things through their proper medium, the beauty of the discrimination became apparent. Frankland had been unhesitatingly dubbed a "soft" of the first degree. "Why?" it would be asked, with an air that seemed to question, but really meant to emphasise, "what man of grit would have thrown away his dollars in purchasing a disused claim? And worse still, would any but the soppiest of 'softs' go on digging day after day in a hole that better men had abandoned, and which would never yield gold though he worked right through the crust of the earth and came out at the other side?"

The flexible vernacular of the miners was freely employed upon Frankland, but with no effect at all satisfying to the collective sentiment of Blue Mountain. He had come to California with a late wave of gold-seekers, and had established himself on one of the numerous claims which the earlier miners had opened and speedily given up in order to join the excited rush to fresh fields. There he proposed to dig for himself wealth that would enable him to return to his native State to marry Lisa, and to look down a vista of comfortable years into a future of Beethoven, tobacco, and beer. There was an engaging simplicity about the scheme, which, it is to be feared, the Blue Mountain community did not properly appreciate. They could understand a man who tried his luck, and threw up the cards when the game was clearly against him; but the sublime confidence with which Frankland pitched his shanty; the cool pertinacity of his attempt, enduring unrewarded for months; the unruffled sweetness of his replies to their daily sarcasms—these were too much for their philosophy. They even began to waver as to the accuracy of their classification of the man, and to think him almost worthy of the full-blossomed term—"fool."

All doubt on this point was removed when it was rumoured that Frankland was spending his evenings, not at the drinking-bar, as social usage prescribed, but in his shanty making a wooden article that was neither a seat nor a table, and to the imagination of the observers bore a not remote resemblance to a coffin. Although it was agreed that nothing better could be expected of a fool who worked a used-up claim by day, than senseless whittling of wood by night, there was in this special case an element of the mysterious that demanded searching enquiry. Accordingly a committee, headed by the barkeeper, who naturally regarded Frankland's solitary occupation—whatever it might be—as prejudicial to the common-weal, was formed to wait upon him.

"Mate," said the leader, when Frankland had cleared a log to seat the deputation, "it hev appeared to us that this thing wants illuminatin'. We know that ye'r aint remarkable for intellek, and we don't expek' much; but the meetin' hev ruled that yer must stand to it. The question before the assembly is: what the ruination are ye up to with this timber?"

"Why," replied Frankland, as he parted his yellow moustache with the stem of his pipe, and indicated the article in question by a backward jerk of the hand, "that are the fixin's of a musical instrument."

An embarrassed pause followed; the mind of the meeting—not a particularly alert organism—had to adjust itself to a new and unexpected idea. By and by a miner, summoning some recollection of a lunatic whose mania took the form of rattling miscellaneous objects, asked, "Yer beant agoing to beat it yerself, may be?"

"Not much," was the answer, given with a soft laugh, "it aint a drum."

Another hush fell upon the assembly. At length

the barkeeper, feeling the responsibilities of leadership, cleared his throat and spoke up. "We don't ask you to testify agin yer conscience, and the assembly don't press for an answer, but ef it's a squar question, who's agwine to play on that box?"

"I reckon the wind will make the music."

"The nor'easter that comes down the gulch! Gentlemen, ef yer allows me to collec' the opinion of th' meetin', it is that this young man had better leave the mountain kinder sudden and strike for home. The atmosphere of the Ole Blue are too stimulating for some heads."

After this weighty deliverance the committee withdrew, prepared to revise their classification of Frankland and to instate him in the general opinion as a highly evolved idiot, whose further actions had better be supervised.

The sentimental miner did not, however, stop his evening work, and in a short time the musical instrument took the form of a roughly made but perfectly effective Æolian harp. By night and by day the harp, fixed at the window of the hut, made wondrous music for him. As the wind played softly among the strings there came to him the witching song of the Lorelei, like a melody sweet with an old-world fragrance and bearing a soft enchantment; or at times it swelled to a fury, and he heard the siren's song rising above the wild harmonies as the waters swung through the pass and boatman and boat went down in the foam. At other times, as the wind tore down the gulch and bent the solitary pine that stood sentinel at his digging, he was carried with Tannhäuser into the Venusberg, where came the magic crew encircling him with their wild dances and songs of passion. Then, softly the excitement died away, and tender, solemn chords were struck; chords that breathed of sober happiness; chords that nerved to endeavour: and now there floated before his vision the presence of a homely maiden who waits and watches for his coming. But again the music changed; he heard the song of the Rhine daughters, who have the fabled gold in their keeping, and he was the knight who should win it, even unto the risking of his soul, if it were not for the sweet upbraiding, the poignant pleading that thrilled his inmost fibre. What power there was in the vibrations, rising to angry dissonance, falling to soothing murmurs; there was no avenue to his passion which they did not sweep, no flower of fancy in his brain which they did not fan! And as the digger fell more and more under the enthrallment of the magic tones, so did he labour blindly on, trusting that some good genii of the mountain should guide his efforts to success.

On the practical, emotionless community of the Blue Mountain, the wind-music had at first a very different effect. Two miners at work higher up rested on their picks when they heard it, in order to say that they were eternally darned if they knew what the squalling meant. Their grosser ears refused to separate the harmonies or to discern the eloquent gradations of tone, and the intermittent character of the sounds helped to baffle any sustained attempt at a theory of explanation. Having ruled Frankland's intellect as practically non-existent, and, moreover, having formed the expectation that his musical instrument was something to be pounded, no one thought of tracing the wailings that rose and fell with the wind to any invention of his. The discovery was made one day, simultaneously with another discovery that sent a thrill of mad excitement over the Blue Mountain. Frankland had found a rich vein of gold! Yes, the fool of a digger—the idiot by common consent—had been trying to barter a large quantity of dust, and admitted that his claim contained a fortune ready at hand. The news had no sooner got abroad than an excited mob of miners crowded his location, some cursing their own ill-luck, some offering to buy Frankland out, or to become his partner. His reputation went up by leaps and bounds, and there was not a digger present who was not ready to swear by him as the



smartest man on the mountain. Frankland maintained his usual cool and easy demeanour, and remarked that he had no idea up till now that he was so popular a character. When the excitement was at its height a gust of wind swept through the gulch, and laying bold of the strings of the harp sent forth a violent crescendo of weird tone, culminating in a thin shriek as if some unhappy spirit had suddenly been disembodied.

"What in the fiend's name is that," said a miner who had been talking the loudest.

"He hev been up to some devilry," exclaimed a second. "They do say that some men can charm all the gold into their own diggings."

This was a view which appealed at once to the cupidity and to the superstition of the crowd. The memory of every miner present was instantly stirred into recollecting some tale he had heard in the long ago of a musical digger—"a sorter fool," who went out piping to the rocks, and nuggets turned up under his feet. Frankland had always been a queer fellow, with a far-away look in his eyes when invited to drink. Let a committee of investigation, they agreed, take hold of the thing! Trouble was evidently not far off for Frankland; and the prospect of this was not diminished by the performance of the harp. Fitfully the wind was wandering among the strings; the harmonies that fall so softly and soothingly on the ear when the vibrations are slow and steady were being forced up to tones that seemed capable of production by no human contrivance. To the abnormally stimulated senses of the miners the sounds were unearthly shrieks, which they in a vague way associated with their discovery of Frankland's gold. The lucky digger did nothing consciously towards putting the situation on a basis of reason. He too had succumbed by this time to excitement and elation; his legend-fed brain was on fire, and he began to declaim in a kind of monotone, to which the wind-music made accompaniment, that the god Æolus had won the gold for him from the gnomes who dwell in the heart of the mountain; that the gold should be his while the harp continued to sing; and that when its strings should be shattered and its spirit go forth, then should the gold also depart.

Probably nothing could have sooner steadied the miners than Frankland's mad humour. To stand calmly with the consciousness of untold wealth beneath one's feet, and with eldritch sounds floating overhead, might argue a league with evil powers; but to stamp around and rave was, under the circumstances, entirely human and consistent with the traditions of Blue Mountain. The form of thing might vary, but the substance remained the same, and translated into current language it ran, that a miner having come into possession of a pile, he intended, with the assistance of the community, which he readily took for granted, to enter upon a colossal merry-making. A diversion was, moreover, effected by the bar-keeper, whose interest in the gold was secure, whoever had the digging of it; he had caught the secret of the harp.

"Catgut!" he said, with an expression of comic disgust. "Freeze me if the fool ain't rigged out a lot of strings in a box for the wind to whistle through. 'Pears to me this meeting had better adjourn and hear Frankland speak."

After due observance of all time-honoured ceremonies, Frankland settled down to the mining of his wealth. The harp now seemed to strike an exultant note. Its strings vibrated to a swelling song of labour, and the pulse of the man beat in unison. He was haunted by visions of smiling cornfields, and of a maid, with poppies in her dress, looking out on the sunset, and wondering what the dawn would bring. Breathe gently, O wind, over the corn, and take this song to her ears—"When the harp is rent, then the gold is spent, and home your lover's feet are bent." Clearly the original Blue Mountain estimate of him was the right one; he was a kind of moonstruck fool. Thus he slaved on through the weeks and months, the sound of

unresting tools making a steady metallic punctuation in the uncertain rhythm of the wind-music, until Blue Mountain had almost forgotten that it once held him in contempt, and shrewdly opined that he had laid up a cosy pile of dollars. He would sell his claim at Christmas, unstring the harp, and go home. That was what he said to himself when the harp sang low and tender like the melody of a pastoral land. But when Christmas came, a new and harsher music was beating within him. The passion for gold had gradually gained in force and displaced all other feelings; day by day he went into the mine with the lust of the precious metal urging him to supreme efforts; night by night he reckoned how much he had yet to gain to make up an imaginary and ever-expanding sum. And the evil thing turned everything to its dark uses. The words, "When the harp is rent," that kept rhyming and chiming in his head, had now another meaning. While the wind-god continued to make music for him he would wrest the gold from the rock—the shining, witching metal that daily grew sweeter to the eye and thought. If some peculiarly pathetic minor strain from the harp awoke slumbering memories for a moment he said, "When another Christmas comes round, I'll go back to home and Lisa." It was not often, however, that he responded to this key. While the old love romances of the Rhine, that he had caught from his German mother, sent a passing flush of warmth over his hardening nature, it was the legend of the Rheingold that remained longest with him. By superior strength and cunning he would overcome the daughters of the flood and secure the fabled treasure. For there above, the harp threw off pearly notes like the shivering of crystal drops; the metal in yellow masses was gleaming beneath the waters; and the crafty hands were upon it, while springing into high octaves the music intoned the fierce joy of possession.

This change in Frankland's spirit registered itself in his features. A suspicious, calculating gaze, took the place of the mild, visionary expression of eye that had had something to do with the first uncomplimentary judgment passed upon him by the Blue Mountain. By the community the transformation was only partially noticed; but the diggers were conscious of a growing difference. Frankland, who had been a good-humoured fellow, and not a bad sort for an idiot, had become sulky and morose. He had entirely lost what social virtues he once possessed as a member of a mining community. His unceasing toil was a reproach to men who laboured by fits and starts; and his hoarding of his gains was as one of the seven deadly sins. Thus with the indifferent character of its owner, and the eerie effect of the wind-music which the popular imagination linked both with his original luck and the subsequent change that had come over him, the Æolian mine, as it was now called, had rather a bad reputation.

The peaceful oblivion of common things might, however, have wrapped round Frankland and the mine, had not a new and sensational event forced his affairs upon the public attention of Blue Mountain. A digger who had been to Forkedstones brought back the tale that a claim had been lodged in the Registration Office upon Æolian Mine. In these days the allotment of land was managed in the loosest way, and false titles were as abundant as waste paper. Denslick who had the neighbouring location claimed that a portion of land that included Frankland's auriferous vein belonged to him; and Blue Mountain was about as feverish on the merits of the dispute as the upland climate would permit.

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"Reckon he can afford it," said the barkeeper. "We mought hev a more sociable-like neighbour."

With the promptitude of decision for which the community is famous, the points of the case had been laid done; and the result was not favourable to Frankland. He was not the man to give in

without making the best legal fight that the brains of the State were capable of, but the attitude of the community had the effect of creating a moral stir within him. While the case was pending he gave up work. Miners who passed his claim found the tools lying around unused, and the machinery rusting; the harp alone was tremblingly active. Softly out of the stillness arose the music in strains of lingering sweetness that stole about Frankland's heart. Freed by the power of a new emotion from the gnawing gold-hunger, something of his former nature floated in upon him with the undulant harmonies. A song of the olden time came, uninvited, humming in his brain, and he saw again the little figure gazing into the sunset. At Christmas when the dispute was settled he would surely return.

But the processes of the law would not be hurried, and it looked as if another year would break upon Blue Mountain before Frankland turned his face homeward. Who knows, indeed, whether the toils might not again have caught him.

In the saloon at Crosscut, some men who had not forgotten the associations of Christmas Eve were warming towards each other with an access of generous feeling, discussing the while the prospects of the Æolian mine. Suddenly the conversation stopped, the glass was arrested midway between the hand and the lips, and the men looked at each other with startled eyes and paling faces. There was a low rumble; the house swayed, followed by the crash of falling glass. The earthquake, they whispered; and stood motionless during a moment of awful suspense. Again there was a further ominous swaying, and with eyes glued on the walls the convivial party helplessly waited the result. In a minute all was quiet, and the men began to laugh and drink excitedly. Up at the Æolian the shock had been terrific. Frankland's dwelling had narrowly escaped being wrecked; the pine tree was bent over upon it, and the harp had been torn asunder, and now lay silent with the broken strings floating idly on the wind. To Frankland's ear its parting notes had been borne as if they were the final throes of a contest between the spirits of evil and of good.

In the mine itself the havoc had been complete, the Æolian having evidently been in the line of the main convulsion. When Frankland went to look at it, he found that the auriferous vein on which he had toiled had disappeared. The earth had it once more securely in keeping, until mayhap it should come to the light to draw out the life-blood of a future generation of men. With the rending of the harp, it had sunk from the view of eyes too weak to bear its baleful lustre, and the mine was now only a tumbled mass of dull earth.

And thus, when the first faint flushes of the Christmas morn touched the dawn, they fell on the face of a man moving eastward with the light of a new life in his eyes. C. VERNER.

## St. Cecilia.

By the Author of "Venetia's Lovers," &c.

### CHAPTER XXI.

ADOLPH VON WINTERFELD'S beauty took Cecilia afresh by surprise on their second meeting. Perhaps it was that it lacked the spiritual and intellectual element that lingers in the memory when mere exquisiteness of outline and colouring are forgotten; perhaps it was only that this time Cecilia saw it splendidly set and surrounded. In the bare, brown room in the Engalgasse Adelheid had been a beautiful vision, in her own boudoir, all a cold, bright glitter of costly furnishing, she reigned like a queen.

Cecilia looked round her in wonder. Were all the treasures of Dresden here—in wreathed mirrors, cabinets, candlesticks, priceless nick-nacks, any single specimen of which might have made a



till, as the tall gaunt figure swayed to and fro, and the black hair shook about the dead waxen face, it seemed as though the figure of Holbein's picture, in the grimmer mockery of modern masquerade, was standing there playing on its crossed bones, a more tremendous and terrible Dance of Death. The gamblers forsook their table under its spell. They might not realise its full potency and meaning, might not see the vision which was ready to shape itself before them—the vision of the weird circle of the dead, hollow-eyed, with grinning teeth and shredded finery clinging to their limbs, who flung themselves in tumultuous dance about the player, and sang in horrible chorus—"Le jeu est fait—rien ne va plus." But some suggestion of it could not fail to touch them as the bow leapt and swung, and the long bony fingers wound grotesquely over the strings, singing out the measured phrases, shrieking back unearthly comments with more than mortal anguish, other than human mirth.

Suddenly he stopped, bowed abruptly and awkwardly to his listeners, with a smile that was almost a grin, and the words, "Rien ne va plus." Then turning to the owner of the purse, he added the question, "Have I earned it?"

"Have you!" muttered the other under his breath, with a sigh between gratitude and relief.

"Very well, then," said the violinist, "Monsieur, faites votre jeu;" and as the croupier took his seat he flung the unopened purse down with the cry—"Numero Treize."

The wheel revolved and the crowd bent forward as if to witness a miracle.

"Le jeu est fait," said the croupier. . . . "Zero!" With a laugh the gambler seized his violin and chuckled his way down the passage and into the street.

"Who is that?" said a new comer.

"That?" answered a second. "That is Paganini or the Devil."

NORMAN OLIPHANT.

## The Story of the Æolian Mine.

**A**LTHOUGH he bore the good old English name, Frankland, and hailed from Massachusetts, no one could doubt that he derived his real characteristics from ancestors who had taken existence easily in the sunny Rhineland, blending there the sentiment of a past steeped in legend with a present that did not too rudely dispel romance from life. Indeed, if his features had not stamped him the son of his German mother, the fact would have been declared by his tendency to dream dreams and to sing about a certain lovely, wonderful maiden named the Lorelei, who sat upon a rock combing her golden hair, and luring infatuated mariners to destruction; and, if further racial evidence were needed, it might have been found in his binding himself with hooks of steel to a domesticated Lorelei, while as yet his surplus earnings scarcely bore the strain of furnishing ribbons for her smooth locks. Where the islander came out in him was in a tenacious holding even to impracticable courses. The son of England, who had settled upon the eastern seaboard and taken unto himself a German wife, had transmitted to his child the obduracy that will not acknowledge defeat. He mixed sentiment with all his projects until they took a visionary hue, but wrought them out as stubbornly as any fanciless John Bull.

Of course, the miners of the Blue Mountain were loftily superior to any such character-indications. Their summing-up of a man had something of the swiftness of intuition. A new-comer had scarcely crossed the floor of the drinking saloon at Crosseut, when a complete and rounded estimate of his character was offered for the acceptance of the community. And though the method was

crude the result was not wholly wanting in shading. There were, for example, certain fine lines that differentiated the "fool" from the "soft." To the uneducated eye the use of the two terms may often have seemed to imply a distinction where there was no difference; but when one had breathed the mountain air for a space and saw things through their proper medium, the beauty of the discrimination became apparent. Frankland had been unhesitatingly dubbed a "soft" of the first degree. "Why?" it would be asked, with an air that seemed to question, but really meant to emphasise, "what man of grit would have thrown away his dollars in purchasing a disused claim? And worse still, would any but the soppiest of 'softs' go on digging day after day in a hole that better men had abandoned, and which would never yield gold though he worked right through the crust of the earth and came out at the other side?"

The flexible vernacular of the miners was freely employed upon Frankland, but with no effect at all satisfying to the collective sentiment of Blue Mountain. He had come to California with a late wave of gold-seekers, and had established himself on one of the numerous claims which the earlier miners had opened and speedily given up in order to join the excited rush to fresh fields. There he proposed to dig for himself wealth that would enable him to return to his native State to marry Lisa, and to look down a vista of comfortable years into a future of Beethoven, tobacco, and beer. There was an engaging simplicity about the scheme, which, it is to be feared, the Blue Mountain community did not properly appreciate. They could understand a man who tried his luck, and threw up the cards when the game was clearly against him; but the sublime confidence with which Frankland pitched his shanty; the cool pertinacity of his attempt, enduring unrewarded for months; the unruffled sweetness of his replies to their daily sarcasms—these were too much for their philosophy. They even began to waver as to the accuracy of their classification of the man, and to think him almost worthy of the full-blossomed term—"fool."

All doubt on this point was removed when it was rumoured that Frankland was spending his evenings, not at the drinking-bar, as social usage prescribed, but in his shanty making a wooden article that was neither a seat nor a table, and to the imagination of the observers bore a not remote resemblance to a coffin. Although it was agreed that nothing better could be expected of a fool who worked a used-up claim by day, than senseless whittling of wood by night, there was in this special case an element of the mysterious that demanded searching enquiry. Accordingly a committee, headed by the barkeeper, who naturally regarded Frankland's solitary occupation—whatever it might be—as prejudicial to the common-weal, was formed to wait upon him.

"Mate," said the leader, when Frankland had cleared a log to seat the deputation, "it hev appeared to us that this thing wants illuminatin'. We know that ye'r aint remarkable for intellek, and we don't expek' much; but the meetin' hev ruled that yer must stand to it. The question before the assembly is: what the ruination are ye up to with this timber?"

"Why," replied Frankland, as he parted his yellow moustache with the stem of his pipe, and indicated the article in question by a backward jerk of the hand, "that are the fixin's of a musical instrument."

An embarrassed pause followed; the mind of the meeting—not a particularly alert organism—had to adjust itself to a new and unexpected idea. By and by a miner, summoning some recollection of a lunatic whose mania took the form of rattling miscellaneous objects, asked, "Yer beant agoing to beat it yerself, may be?"

"Not much," was the answer, given with a soft laugh, "it aint a drum."

Another hush fell upon the assembly. At length

the barkeeper, feeling the responsibilities of leadership, cleared his throat and spoke up. "We don't ask you to testify agin yer conscience, and the assembly don't press for an answer, but ef it's a squar question, who's agwine to play on that box?"

"I reckon the wind will make the music."

"The nor'easter that comes down the gulch! Gentlemen, ef yer allows me to collec' the opinion of th' meetin', it is that this young man had better leave the mountain kinder sudden and strike for home. The atmosphere of the Ole Blue are too stimulating for some heads."

After this weighty deliverance the committee withdrew, prepared to revise their classification of Frankland and to instate him in the general opinion as a highly evolved idiot, whose further actions had better be supervised.

The sentimental miner did not, however, stop his evening work, and in a short time the musical instrument took the form of a roughly made but perfectly effective Æolian harp. By night and by day the harp, fixed at the window of the hut, made wondrous music for him. As the wind played softly among the strings there came to him the witching song of the Lorelei, like a melody sweet with an old-world fragrance and bearing a soft enchantment; or at times it swelled to a fury, and he heard the siren's song rising above the wild harmonies as the waters swung through the pass and boatman and boat went down in the foam. At other times, as the wind tore down the gulch and bent the solitary pine that stood sentinel at his digging, he was carried with Tannhäuser into the Venusberg, where came the magic crew encircling him with their wild dances and songs of passion. Then, softly the excitement died away, and tender, solemn chords were struck; chords that breathed of sober happiness; chords that nerved to endeavour: and now there floated before his vision the presence of a homely maiden who waits and watches for his coming. But again the music changed; he heard the song of the Rhine daughters, who have the fabled gold in their keeping, and he was the knight who should win it, even unto the risking of his soul, if it were not for the sweet upbraiding, the poignant pleading that thrilled his inmost fibre. What power there was in the vibrations, rising to angry dissonance, falling to soothing murmurs; there was no avenue to his passion which they did not sweep, no flower of fancy in his brain which they did not fan! And as the digger fell more and more under the enthrallment of the magic tones, so did he labour blindly on, trusting that some good genie of the mountain should guide his efforts to success.

On the practical, emotionless community of the Blue Mountain, the wind-music had at first a very different effect. Two miners at work higher up rested on their picks when they heard it, in order to say that they were eternally darned if they knew what the squalling meant. Their grosser ears refused to separate the harmonies or to discern the eloquent gradations of tone, and the intermittent character of the sounds helped to baffle any sustained attempt at a theory of explanation. Having ruled Frankland's intellect as practically non-existent, and, moreover, having formed the expectation that his musical instrument was something to be pounded, no one thought of tracing the wailings that rose and fell with the wind to any invention of his. The discovery was made one day, simultaneously with another discovery that sent a thrill of mad excitement over the Blue Mountain. Frankland had found a rich vein of gold! Yes, the fool of a digger—the idiot by common consent—had been trying to barter a large quantity of dust, and admitted that his claim contained a fortune ready at hand. The news had no sooner got abroad than an excited mob of miners crowded his location, some cursing their own ill-luck, some offering to buy Frankland out, or to become his partner. His reputation went up by leaps and bounds, and there was not a digger present who was not ready to swear by him as the



smartest man on the mountain. Frankland maintained his usual cool and easy demeanour, and remarked that he had no idea up till now that he was so popular a character. When the excitement was at its height a gust of wind swept through the gulch, and laying hold of the strings of the harp sent forth a violent crescendo of weird tone, culminating in a thin shriek as if some unhappy spirit had suddenly been disembodied.

"What in the fiend's name is that," said a miner who had been talking the loudest.

"He hev been up to some devilry," exclaimed a second. "They do say that some men can charm all the gold into their own diggings."

This was a view which appealed at once to the cupidity and to the superstition of the crowd. The memory of every miner present was instantly stirred into recollecting some tale he had heard in the long ago of a musical digger—"a sorter fool," who went out piping to the rocks, and nuggets turned up under his feet. Frankland had always been a queer fellow, with a far-away look in his eyes when invited to drink. Let a committee of investigation, they agreed, take hold of the thing! Trouble was evidently not far off for Frankland; and the prospect of this was not diminished by the performance of the harp. Fitfully the wind was wandering among the strings; the harmonies that fall so softly and soothingly on the ear when the vibrations are slow and steady were being forced up to tones that seemed capable of production by no human contrivance. To the abnormally stimulated senses of the miners the sounds were unearthly shrieks, which they in a vague way associated with their discovery of Frankland's gold. The lucky digger did nothing consciously towards putting the situation on a basis of reason. He too had succumbed by this time to excitement and elation; his legend-fed brain was on fire, and he began to declaim in a kind of monotone, to which the wind-music made accompaniment, that the god Æolus had won the gold for him from the gnomes who dwelt in the heart of the mountain; that the gold should be his while the harp continued to sing; and that when its strings should be shivered and its spirit go forth, then should the gold also depart.

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Cecilia looked round her in wonder. Were all the treasures of Dresden here—in wreathed mirrors, cabinets, candlesticks, priceless nick-nacks, any single specimen of which might have made a



collector envious? In the midst of this conventional and artificial decoration—the shepherds and shepherdesses, flowers, cupids, cherubs—Adelheid looked magnificently real, warm-blooded, vital. She came in wearing a trailing gown, made somewhat in shepherdess fashion too, that showed off her supple grace and strength. She took Cis by both hands, and welcomed her pleasantly.

"I should have sent for you before," she said. "Did you think I had forgotten? But my brother has been ill: I had to be with him. When he is ill, he cannot bear strangers near him."

There was again that subtle impatience in her tone, as if her own splendid health made her resent any weakness in another. Something of this may have shown itself in Cis's face, for Adelheid continued, with a quick scorn:

"I am never ill—never. I don't remember ever having had so much as a headache."

"You are very fortunate. What do you do for your brother?" Cis asked, struggling with a faint, chill repulsion. "Do you play or sing to him?"

Adelheid smiled. "He won't have my music, unless when he is perfectly well, and that is so seldom. He says it is music for the strong and healthy. I read to him sometimes."

"Do you read—about battles?" Cis was impelled to ask.

Adelheid shook her head. "Friedemann and I have not the same tastes—naturally," she said. "He likes mystical poetry. That is why I hate it, I think, because I have always to read it in a hot room, full of flowers. Do you know what I mean? A hushed room with soft carpets, and the blinds drawn down, and the heavy scent of flowers in the air—and sickness and love and despair all mixed up together. It makes me shudder only to think of it."

"I think I understand," Cis spoke hesitatingly. There were no flowers in the room where they sat, except those ever-blooming, never-dying, china ones; the floor, too, of a delicate parquet, was bare, except for a rug under their feet. Beautiful Adelheid, was she cold as one of her own coquettish shepherdesses?

"Shall we begin to read now?" Cis asked, remembering suddenly that she was here in the capacity of instructress, though she looked about her vainly for any sign of books on the inlaid tables or gorgeous cabinets.

"We shall talk to-day," Adelheid answered with decision. "Tell me what you have been doing since I saw you."

"Little else but singing, I think. Herr Berg is good enough to give me lessons."

"He has spoken of you. He foretells great things of you. He comes here often—they all come. We, too, have little else but music. My brother saw you last night."

"Yes." Cis found it difficult to add anything more. "I am glad, if it pleased him."

"Oh, a new singer or player—that is everything. Or a painter or a poet, but by preference one who sings." Adelheid's voice had again that light hint of contempt. "You are learning for the stage, I suppose?"

Cis flushed hotly. "I don't know," she said. "We think of these things differently at home. I am not sure: I don't want to think about the end; I want to learn as well as I can first."

"I should like the end, but not the learning," said Adelheid, with the full smile that was her pleasantest expression. "The triumph, but not the drudgery. Friedemann wished me to show you the music-room. Do you care to see it?"

Cis rose eagerly. "Of all things," she said. The air of this glittering, stately boudoir somehow oppressed her.

Adelheid rose and led the way in silence. Cis followed her through one noble room after another. Each seemed to her untaught glance to be furnished in accordance with some special historical period. The affectation that has ordered the revival of Queen Anne, or of the Middle Ages, in our English

furnishing was quite new to her; in Battle House nothing was older or more comely than the last of the Georges: her aunt's Edinburgh house was a medley of all that was dear and fashionable. Here all obeyed a strict law, and was in perfect taste and restrained keeping.

It was only in the music-room, which they reached last of all, that the centuries met and mingled; for music is of no age or country. Cis clasped her hands in delight. The wide, low windows opened on to lawns and gardens trim and beautiful even in this the earliest hour of spring; old trees were grouped here and there on the turf that slid down to the amber flood of the Rhine, which rimmed the pleasure ground. Between the lacing branches one had glimpses of far-away blue, historical hills and flat, green distances. Within, the tempered sunlight fell on frescoed walls where musical processions went by; a gay marriage feast, full of joy and warm colour; the sacrificial hymn to Ceres in a ripe Greek corn-field; a sad funeral dirge; the mingled hum and clash seemed to fill the sunlit silence. Here, in the great room, were gathered instruments of every nature and degree, from the first, rude, savage effort to the finished perfection of the costly grand piano in the centre of all. Cis could not, perhaps, rightly value the collection of precious old violins, but she looked reverently at the old clavichord, and longingly at its modern outcome and latest development.

An organ filled up one end of the hall where the frescoed processions broke off: the panelled doors stood open, and on one St Gregory was represented teaching the choristers, while on the other St Cecily sang to the listening angels. The floor was inlaid in an intricate and delicate design in shaded woods, where musical symbols were again repeated, and an Orpheus piped or Pan played among the whispering reeds. There was nothing in the great room but music and fresh-cut flowers in large Majolica vases.

Cis looked about in speechless enchantment and delight. Her short life had never held any vision so beautiful as this.

"Do you like it?" said Adelheid, in her clear low tones which yet startled Cis. She had forgotten Adelheid's presence.

"I think it is perfect," she sighed with deep satisfaction.

Adelheid laughed a little hardly.

"August König used to complain that it was too perfect. He used to say that music needed no such setting. Friedemann thinks differently, you see; he thinks you can't frame the music too finely. It is a question of temperament, I suppose."

"Do you know Herr König?" said Cis, turning an astonished face on Adelheid. How was she to guess that she owed everything to that kind, awkward friend at home? "Does everybody know him? Since I came here every one has spoken of him to me. But I thought he came from Mannheim—that his father was organist there."

"I know nothing of his private history," said Adelheid, with a proud uplifting of her head. "He is one of the people—how should I know? But as a musician he is known everywhere. Have you not found him out in Scotland yet?"

"I am afraid we are very far behind in Scotland, and slow to learn." She was wondering again whether Susan and Liddy knew what a great person they were entertaining under the guise of boarder. "He lives with us—in my home," she said. "He was the first who taught me what music really means. I shall always thank him for that—always."

"He is a hard teacher," said Adelheid, coldly.

Cis thought of those happy nights that seemed so distant now when she had listened in the secret darkness to Herr König playing in the old west room, and afterwards of those later times when he took her from delight to delight, always revealing new heights and depths in his great skill and art, and her gratitude cried out against this charge.

"He was always most patient, most good to me," she said; "I owe everything to him."

"You were a pupil to be proud of, no doubt," Adelheid spoke quietly, "and you gave up everything for the sake of the one aim. I couldn't do that for *anyone*," her voice took on a kind of suppressed fire, "least of all to please a mere musician; and yet, though he poured contempt on my singing, I *could* have sung to him better than he ever dreamed." She was looking past Cis, her proud figure drawn to its full height, her eyes with anger in them gazing far away. She was no longer talking to Cis, she was answering some protest that rose up in her own breast. Suddenly the passion and fire died out of her face, and her voice was cold, almost indifferent, as she said—

"Here comes my brother. You have been introduced? You and he will have much to talk of about the music you both love."

When Cecilia found herself a moment later alone with the Baron, she seemed to understand all at once how the beautiful music-room came to be. In the solitude which his sickness and deformity made for him he created this rich entertainment for himself. Here he could forget his misfortunes and see himself moving as if in another life, passing from and escaping the sad lot that he felt and suffered everywhere else. In music there could not be any insult such as she conceived there might be in Adelheid's vigour and pulsing life; in her delight in movement and action. Some quality in him of gentleness and yet of courage, as if his experiences while they had subdued had yet made him brave, touched and moved Cecilia; she forgot that she was the poor singer, and he the noble patron of her art, and when he bowed to her she put out her hand in greeting.

"How do you like my music-world?" he asked, with a smile that was sad, but without any of Adelheid's bitterness in it.

"I think it is the most beautiful place in all the world," she answered eagerly. "I am not at one with Herr König in thinking it too beautiful."

"Ah, König is more fortunate than some others of us. He can lose himself anywhere, and he can make you lose yourself and your environment too, while he plays."

"Yes," she answered, "and yet there ought to be some inspiration in the setting, and the best must seem better still here."

"I hope you will come often and help to make the good better. We get up little concerts when we can, my sister and I. The players are not wanting; it is the listeners who fail sometimes."

"Will you let me listen now?" Cis asked, hardly knowing how she grew so bold. "I shall not fail in that."

"I owe you my poor best after last night," Von Winterfeld said, smiling. "I did not fall short as listener then either. And when I have paid my debt, may I pass the burden on to you again by asking you to sing?"

"I will sing anything I can," she answered readily; "it would be pure pleasure to do one's utmost here."

He led her to a low seat near a great Majolica dish full of hot-house daffodils, and then he went himself to the organ. As she watched his slender, womanish hands touching the keys, Cis felt again that thrill of mingled pity and compassion and wonder—wonder why such suffering should have been given to this man. But there was neither suffering nor weakness in his playing; he seemed truly to forget himself, and to pass out beyond his own life. He played some of Palestrina's solemn, bracing church music. His touch was firm and sure, and as the swell and triumph of the notes filled the room, Cis felt herself going out too, and away into new lands of delight.

Adelheid coming in by a door at the farther end of the hall, was the means of restoring the present. She brought a rush of cooler air with her as she came in with her firm, haughty tread, but she



somehow took the charm out of the quaint, solemn music. When she got nearer Cis saw that she had a gay parrot sitting on her wrist; it fluttered its wings angrily, and thrust out an evil beak.

"Friedemann," called out Adelheid, in her clear voice, "play something less melancholy. *Papa-gaichen* doesn't like your Palestrina. He is going to protest. There! I told you so," she laughed as her brother suddenly paused, and the bird made use of the silence to utter a harsh, discordant scream.

Von Winterfeld turned round, a shadow of discontent crossing his thin face that had been so peaceful a moment before. "Always that bird, Adelheid," he said.

"And why not?" she answered, with an air of defiance. "It's the music I love best. Miss Raeburn, will you come and see my aviary?"

"Miss Raeburn has been good enough to promise to sing, Adelheid."

"Oh, your music first, of course, brother!" She made a superb, mocking curtsy. "I will take my *papagai* away. He does not love singing—not even the singing of Herr König's best pupil. But you must come and see my birds afterwards," she turned to Cis with a request that was like a command.

Cis got up mutely but with hot cheeks, and went to the piano. As she turned over the music on the desk, she was surprised to find all the few songs she knew best lying there. Was it chance? There was even a little volume of Jacobite airs such as she used to sing at home. She singled out "*Du bist die Ruh*," which had been her first love long ago among the wealth of Schubert's melodies.

"Will you play the accompaniment for me?" she asked the Baron, who stood watching her. "I am afraid of the beautiful piano."

"I will play for you with pleasure," he said, "and you have fixed on the song I hoped you would choose."

"I think these are almost all that I know," she said, still wondering a little, "and this was one of the first I learned."

As she sang, her beautiful, clear voice seemed to breathe peace and benediction. She sang better because Adelheid with her strange, disturbing personality, was not there to listen, but only the room, with its frescoed walls and silent instruments, and the lawn and gardens sloping to the great, slow, brown river. Her voice seemed to linger soothingly a long while after she had sung the last note.

"Thank you," said Von Winterfeld with his worn smile. "I will not break the charm by asking you for any more to-night."

Adelheid seemed to have waited for this assurance, for she came forward once more.

"Is the singing done now?" she asked. "Are you satisfied for a little, Friedemann? Then, Miss Raeburn, I claim you."

She swept Cis away, out of the room, across a passage, when she opened a small door that led to the garden. And here in a sort of portico, with a portion of turf and a miniature stream, was a fenced-off world inhabited by gay plumaged birds—a world in small, full of clamour and dispute and shrill calls and pipings.

Cis could not but admire the wonderful flash and motion of the shining wings and the beauty of the birds, like burning jewels among the branches; but the screech and scream of innumerable parrots made her involuntarily close her ears with her hands.

Adelheid looked at her, smiling triumphantly. "I brought Herr König here once to hear my symphony," she said.

"And what did he say?" Cis asked.

"Oh, something rude, no doubt," she answered with fine contempt, "your *bürger* always prides himself on his honest bluntness. The next day he sent me a 'Parrot Chorus,' illustrated by those words from your Shakespeare: 'Harsh discords and displeasing sharps.'"

"I think that quite expresses it," said Cis, laughing in her turn.

"Perhaps to you, but my parrot-chorus has at least some life and energy in it, even if it is only the energy of discord. You sang just now of rest. How old are you?"

"Eighteen," said Cis, trying to hide the surprise she felt at this quick transition.

"Eighteen, and you can think with pleasure of rest and peace! These are for the old and the sickly—for people like Friedemann who cannot hope for any other kind of happiness in life than just to be at rest and out of pain. But you—does it content you to sit and sing of these things all day?"

"One sings of other things too. Music can express every sort of emotion." Cis looked up surprised at Adelheid with the evil, impish parrot on her wrist, and that background of restless, fluttering, screeching, bird life.

"I know," Adelheid lifted her head with a supreme motion of disdain, "I have heard all that talk about the thrilling impressions you ought to seize out of art and song—the life you ought to make for yourself out of pictures, and fugues, and symphonies, and flowers, and old china. But don't you ever want to get at the real that lies behind the impression, or does it content you to sit and sing of the things other people are doing?"

The old look of puzzled and unanswered question came into Cis's eyes. How was it that so many people thought it strange that she should find entire contentment in her art? Hugh had made much the same demand that night under the trees near the river. Was it true that she should not always find it enough? Was there some sad disenchantment she was yet to know? She felt herself turning cold under Adelheid's fiery looks.

"I don't understand," she sighed.

"No, truly," said Adelheid, with a sort of grave scorn, "you dreamers never do understand. I will put my parrot back in its own happy world; that is the sort of world I should like, where everybody might screech at the top of his voice and say his say without minding what other people thought of him. And now we will go and have coffee out of my Dresden cups, and after it you will go home and have more music."

"Yes," said Cis, with a smile, "it is the night for one of the chamber concerts."

As they passed once more through the music-room it was empty, and the frescoes were already half veiled in shadow. Cis looked at the corner where she had sat; the daffodils shone gold out of the dusk.

"Friedemann has gone to lie down," said Adelheid; "in three hours we shall drive, and then will come the hour for poetry, and after that the *Direktor* and others will arrive, and there will be music for us too. That is our life."

## XXII.

"Harsh discords and displeasing sharps."

"Etwas wünschen und verlangen,  
Etwas hoffen muss das Herz,  
Etwas zu verlieren bängen  
Und um etwas fühlen Schmerz."

CIS could not listen with an undivided mind in the concert-hall that night. For once the music failed to enchain her, as she found herself reaching out again and again to the puzzle of Adelheid von Winterfeld's words and looks, and trying to make a plain meaning for herself out of them.

It was the same hall where the *Verein* met to practise, but the raised seats had been taken away, and the flat desert of platform was only broken by four desks, four candles, and four chairs, empty as yet. Cis sat with Frau Ehlers, but her constant knight and companion, young Hans, was not far off. He stood among a group of musicians and amateurs near a side door, waiting for the entrance of the Quartet party to take their seats. Cis already

knew a good many faces among that leisurely crowd. Herr Ehlers, more like a magician than ever with a black silk skull cap over his long grey hair, and an old brown garment, something between a dressing-gown and greatcoat, covering his small, light figure: young Hans with his bright blue eyes laughing behind the spectacles; his flaxen hair and broad, rather stooping shoulders: the pianist from the garret was there too, slovenly, absent-minded, childishly eager. These were the faces of friends, and there were others whom she knew much more distantly, with soldierly spines and stiff military bearing that would have betrayed them even without the uniform, and students whose swagger was equally distinguishing.

Behind Cecilia and Frau Ehlers sat row upon row of matrons and maidens; the elders knitting, with sober talk of household affairs, the younger chatting and casting oblique glances sideways, where a delightful young *Fährich* or an equally delightful *Bursch* with a terrific slash across his cheek was complacently ready to accept those timid and flattering advances. The front row of velvet chairs was on this occasion as on others reserved for any princeling or grandee who might desire to be honoured, but to-night they were unoccupied. The large and attentive audience filling every other space seemed to prove that Herr König was right in saying that Germany can take its music unadorned.

When the Quartet party entered the room there was an immediate hush and entire silence; that listening, discriminating, understanding silence that it is so difficult for an English audience to give. Cis found it impossible for her, though Schroeder was playing, and she wished with all her might to comprehend. Perhaps the very contrast between her late and her present experiences made it more difficult. The hard austerity of the platform, with its twinkling lights, and its stooping, earnest, dimly-seen figures playing their ghostly music with a precision and neatness that seemed to come from one pair of hands, and the beautiful, classic, music-room in the country-house by the Rhine which wandering melodies seemed for ever to haunt. She was staring at Schroeder's shock head faintly illuminated by the light stuck in the desk at which he peered, but she was thinking of Friedemann von Winterfeld. There was not a man in the room—she glanced at the listening group still lingering at the side door, all those ugly, kindly, handsome, eager faces—not a man that would have changed places with the sickly, misshapen Baron, poor as many of them were and rich as he was. But how many of the girls would cheerfully have bartered lots with Adelheid: how few would have weighed the cost even for a second—and yet Adelheid was not content. Cis's thoughts hovered about this beautiful German lady with a sort of unwillingness. She fascinated her in an odd way that was half repulsion. Once or twice she caught herself piecing together some vague hints Mina Kleiner or young Hans had dropped, and trying to fit them to Adelheid's half-conscious self-revelations, but she reined herself in sharply and came back abashed to the music.

When the concert was nearly over the *Direktor* walked up the aisle on elaborate tiptoe, and sank into one of the velvet chairs in front of Cis. He had on his most courtly air and his best wig, and she guessed at once that he had been at the villa. The very way he flourished his white pocket-handkerchief proclaimed it. But he set himself with the entire absorption of a true musician to listen to the players, and the grandeur seemed to melt from him, and the eagerness and delight to grow as he bent to drink in every note. Cis loved him for this generous appreciation, and then rebuked herself for her own vagrant thoughts.

The music finished with the Quartet in D minor, which Mozart inscribed to the kind friend and master whom he called in his laughing, caressing way, Papa Hadyn. A hearty and delighted applause greeted the conclusion, and Cis woke with a



start to find the *Herr Direktor* twisted round in his velvet chair, and looking at her with ironical good nature.

"Where have you been wandering, may one ask, *Fräulein Cäcilie*?"

Cis knew him by this time, and she laughed, not at all afraid.

"My thoughts have been where you have just come from," she said.

He lifted his eyebrows. "And how do you know where I have been?" he questioned her again, but she was not so ready with her answer this time.

"Something told me," she said with a smile that would not be denied.

"And did something tell you that I should bring you this?" he asked, producing from the breast pocket of his coat a dainty note, on the flap of which an A in silver was circled by a love knot in blue.

Cecilia took it with rather a grave face. It seemed to decide all the questions she had been asking herself. That Adelheid should write an hour or two after parting from her promised a friendship that should be hot in its beginnings, however greatly time might cool it. The note was exacting in its brevity.

"Come to me to-morrow to coffee. My brother goes for the day to Cologne, and I shall be alone. You shall stay and dine, and I will send you home at night."

Cis kept her eyes fixed for quite a long time on the delicately written lines, and when she looked up at last the *Direktor* was still searching her face inquisitively.

"Well?" he questioned.

"*Fräulein von Winterfeld* wants me to dine with her to-morrow. It is the night for rehearsal."

"And the *Probe* must yield to the *Gnädiges Fraulein's* wishes—naturally," he said in his most sarcastic tone.

Frau Ehlers having ended her interchange of gossip with a neighbour, got up to go with a curtsy for the *Herr Direktor*, and Cis rose too. She was a little grave and vaguely disappointed. Adelheid had interested while yet she repelled her, and the wish to understand this strange nature had been stronger than she knew. But she had no doubt in her own mind.

"I have given myself to my mistress and yours, *Frau Musica*," she said, "and she must come first. I will be at the rehearsal, *Herr Berg*."

The *Direktor* shrugged his cynical shoulders. "Then you must answer for your choice to *Fräulein von Winterfeld*. She is not used to a rival."

Cis thought *Herr Berg* rather disagreeable, and Hans, too, reproached her as they walked home.

"You weren't listening," he said. "I looked at you more than once, and your eyes were far away—with your thoughts."

"When you are distant from your home," she began, and then she checked herself. "I wasn't thinking of home," truth compelled her to add, "but I'm afraid I didn't listen, Hans. I suppose one may have moods of not listening, though I used to think nothing in the world would ever keep my heart from leaping up to music."

Hans opened his blue eyes in wonder at her tone, in which there was a latent irritation. His own life had but the one absorbing interest, and the only moods he knew were the ups and downs of pleasure or displeasure in his own or his neighbour's work.

"Schroeder did that *menutt* splendidly," he said when they had reached the shop in the *Engelgasse*.

"I am glad *Herr Richter* is away," she answered more lightly as they groped their way up the dark staircase to their different rooms; "he would have been sure to say that I didn't listen because it wasn't worth listening to."

"*Richter*," said Hans solemnly, "has gone to enlighten Hamburg, which couldn't do without its critic any longer."

But if *Richter* had taken himself and his absurd pomposities back to his own city, Mina Kleiner

had but to cross the Rhine to remind Cis that there was one other person with whose presence she could more easily have dispensed. Somehow it deepened her distrust of Mina that Hugh was always asking about her in his letters. "*Charlotte*," he called her, thinking of *Werther's* calm little household heroine to whom he had likened her. In his very last letter he had sent her a message. In London, on his way to Oxford, he had sought out the leader of the foreign orchestra to which her brother belonged, and had thus the latest news to give of young Kleiner's old comrades. "I shall always feel," Hugh wrote, "that that little girl has a sort of claim on me—if only because I was alone with her brother in the supremest hour of his life. You must be good to her, poor little soul, but no doubt by this time you are fast friends." There were many other pleasant things in the letter: the wonderful and rare charm of Oxford had seized on Hugh. He was happier, more vigorous, more full of power to work than he had ever been before, and he wrote strange and telling descriptions of the teeming life in grey college silences, but this one sentence remained quiveringly like an ache in Cis's memory. And just when she was setting out to tell Adelheid von Winterfeld that she could not accept her hospitality, Mina Kleiner came in as if to claim her share in Hugh's letter.

Cis took off her hat, for Mina showed no signs of leaving her. "If you are going out I will walk with you," she proposed. "Let us go to the Allee: it is the best hour of all for meeting people."

"Very well," said Cis, thinking it would be easier to give Hugh's message out of doors, "but I have a note to write first."

She sat down and made her excuses to Adelheid. The paper was not at all dainty, but the regrets, at least, were genuine. Mina's round eyes were wandering all over the room. There was nothing new or different in it; the piano was open and the desk held some music sheets; there were the old photographs and books, but on the little table at which Cecilia wrote there were piled some rather worn-looking German grammars and exercise books, and in the centre stood a pot of snowdrops.

"Oh! where did you get the snowdrops," cried Mina, with a little gush of affected delight.

Cis looked up. Here was an opening, but she was addressing her note, and she did not make use of it.

"My cousin gives me all my flowers," she said quietly.

"The cousin who came with you? *Na! wie nett!* And not the Baron? Not yet? He used to keep the last one in flowers—always. Every one spoke of it. Oh, no doubt your turn will come."

"If you are ready I am," said Cis very coldly, putting on her hat as she spoke. When they got down stairs Cecilia knocked at Frau Ehlers' door.

"Do you think there is any one—any little boy or girl who would take a note for me," she asked in her hesitating German, "to this address?" She handed Frau Ehlers the envelope.

The good woman looked puzzled a moment, and then she exclaimed brightly as she heard a step on the stair—"Here is *Herr Adler*, the very man. *Herr Adler* goes by the actual door on his way to give *Fräulein Schoek* her *stunde*. You will be postman for our little *Fräulein*, *Herr Adler*, *nicht wahr?*"

"With all the pleasure in the world," said Adler advancing. He was always friendly, with a generous recognition of Cis's high place in his world. He extended a rather grimy finger and thumb and took the note. "To *Fräulein von Winterfeld*," he said, reading the address. "To be sure, I go by the villa; it will be quite safe." He went off with a confirming nod, awkward but kind.

There was a little gleam in Mina's light eyes as she listened. "I would have gone with you to the *Herr Baron's*," she said, with her shrill laugh. "Perhaps you had an appointment? Oh, do let me run after Adler and get back the note! I should like of all things to go. It would be so romantic. I could wait outside—or perhaps *Fräulein von*

*Winterfeld* would receive me while you saw the Baron."

"I have no business with *Herr von Winterfeld*," said Cecilia, feeling her heart grow hot with anger. Mina's words, illustrated by her looks, had a double edge in spite of her baby voice. "Perhaps you do not know that I am engaged to read English with *Fraulein von Winterfeld*."

"Oh yes," said Mina, laughing still more, "they all did that—till they had to go away, you know."

Cis met this with silence. In the Allee, when she at last made use of a pause in Mina's running commentary on the promenaders and their doings, their sayings, dress, income, habits, she did not find her message the more easy to deliver because it was spoken under the free sky. Mina reddened for a moment, but it was the pleasure of being remembered by the handsome *Engländer* that moved her, and stirred her shallow vanity.

"Be good to her," Hugh had said, but Cis found forbearance hard, when she saw Mina bridle and bite her lips and toss her head, and heard the questions she had to ask about Hugh Jardine.

"Have you no heart at all?" she said, the words forced from her in half-sad anger. "Your brother thought only of you to the very last. Have you quite forgotten him?"

Mina turned in the walk and faced Cis, with a dull, red wrath burning in her face and lighting her pale blue eyes. "How dare you!" she began; "you are wicked and cruel—how dare you," and then she suddenly burst out sobbing.

Cis was strangely agitated and distressed. "Oh, don't, I didn't mean to hurt you," she said. But Mina petulantly resisted all her attempts to soothe her, and sobbed on without restraint. Some of the promenaders stopped to stare, and there was presently a little crowd gathered about the two girls. Cis in her agitation found the words of explanation die on her lips; it was a great relief when she saw Sophie Berg pushing her way through the people, her round, fat face alive with wonder. "Here is *Fraulein Berg* whom you know," said Cis, and at the same moment Mina launched herself with hysterical cries into the arms of her friend.

"My poor Hermann!" she sobbed, "my poor, beloved Hermann! that any one could speak so of him to me!" She buried her face on Sophie's ample bosom, clinging to her with two black arms thrown tightly round her neck. Sophie's face was rather red under the pressure, but her eyes would not hide a certain reproach and triumph as she looked at Cis whom she had never quite forgiven.

"You had better leave her to me, poor angel," she said. "You do not understand. Oh, perhaps you didn't mean it, but you have said something that wounds her."

Cis turned and went away without a word. She was shocked, repelled by this public display of grief and lamentation, and in her heart there burned a hot doubt whether Mina's sorrow was not all of it piqued pride and vanity, and a love of sensation.

A small group of students and officers had gathered on the outskirts of the crowding women, and they looked curiously and admiringly at the English girl as she passed them with a proud, pale face, but Cis felt as if their glances scorched her.

She did not feel safe till she got back to the shelter of the *Engelgasse*; the passers-by seemed all to look at her with understanding and disapproval, and she flushed and grew pale as the shamefulness of the remembered scene forced itself upon her once more.

She went straight to the parlour where Frau Ehlers was setting out the coffee, feeling that the good woman would somehow help her.

"What has become of the Mina?" Frau Ehlers asked smilingly, as she busied herself with the cups. "Gone to pay more visits, I'll be bound. She should not gad about so if I were her mother."

Cis stood in the middle of the room. She felt that something must be done at once. She told her story as well as she could, and while she talked, Hans, who had of late made a habit of taking coffee



downstairs, came in. The whole scene impressed Cis with a curious sense of unreality, after that ugly memory of prying, eager faces in the Allee. The untidy, dark room; the coffee cups put down anyhow on a corner of the table; the wicker basket full of *semmeln*; Frau Ehlers filling the milk-jug even while she listened, and Hans leaning against the wall with a smile on his face.

"Oh, won't you go to her, dear Frau Ehlers," cried Cis earnestly. "It was all my fault. I didn't think she cared enough, but perhaps she is really sorry—"

"Sorry!" cried Hans, with a burst of scorn, "she cares for nothing but to make people talk and wonder. A sorrow that you can display before all the world is very romantic and interesting. She would not have cared if she had been alone with you in your room."

Cecilia looked at him with a kind of sad horror in her eyes.

"Did they never care for each other, then—the brother and sister?" Hans shrugged his shoulders.

"As well as others. They quarrelled and were friends again often enough. The mother and Mina wanted the Hermann to be a *Pastor*. He might have had a little more money so."

Cis went up-stairs, feeling her world grown strangely bare and cold about her; she was humiliated, disgusted, ashamed, but she no longer felt an impulse towards reconciliation.

Frau Ehlers, taking her coffee with an exacting appetite, had promised to go to the Berge. "I will send the little fool home to her mother," she said, but Cis could see by her brightening face that the interview promised her a delightful stimulus. The moral disgust at the whole affair was left for Cecilia to feel. Even Hans, when his scorn was over, had laughed humorously at the scene in the Allee.

Going into her room slowly, busy with all these thoughts, Cis was startled to be met by Fräulein von Winterfeld.

Adelheid rose, smiling charmingly, from the window-seat.

"I had your message just now, and since you could not come to me I came to you," she said. "You were all busy chatting, and none of you heard me, so I walked up unannounced."

As she read the bewilderment in Cis's eyes she laughed.

"It is rehearsal, and the music must come first, you would say? Well, I will go with you to the *Probe* and hear this wonderful music. Perhaps it will convert me too."

## XXIII.

CIS felt as if fate had marked her out with most unkind partiality as she walked that night up the long length of the *Tonhalle* with Adelheid von Winterfeld leaning on her arm. In any place or set of circumstances Adelheid would have been a marked figure with her languid, regal air and her splendid physical beauty, but here in her own town, where she was the highest lady, divided by a wide impassable gulf from the untitled crowd, yet known with a certain intimacy to every member of it, nothing that she did or said could pass without comment. In Poppelsdorf, Adelheid and her brother held somewhat the position of those minor princes who reigned each over his own little court when a united Germany was but the cherished dream of a patriot. They stood on an isolated pinnacle, not alone looking down on the Bürger-herd, but with heads calmly lifted above the pretensions of the newly ennobled whose pedigree was of yesterday—the "*neugebuckene*," at whom even the *Bürger* is privileged to smile. Cis did not understand till afterwards what a solitude Adelheid's rank made of her life in the little town, and how her brother's weak health and her lack of equal companionship turned her very position and health into a bondage. When she did know, she could make more allowance for the girl's varying moods, her haughtiness and indifference, her

longing for greater freedom, and a more vivid experience.

For the moment, however, to be singled out for Adelheid's friendship was a dangerous joy. Adelheid, who always dressed a little fantastically, and who loved colours that were warm and rich as the plumage of her birds, wore a dress of a deep, soft cardinal that showed beneath her fur wrapper, its tone reproduced in the small, close-fitting hat that did not hide her bright hair. She was like a rich tropical flower, and Cis grew pale and spirit-like beside her. The rehearsal had drawn a larger audience than usual, and she felt as if the eyes of listeners and singers alike fell on her with aversion. Already rumour had spread the news from mouth to mouth of Mina's hysterical attack in the Allee, and as the two girls entered the hall together, more than half of the whispered comment was for the young Englishwoman.

Cecilia paused in front of the velvet chairs, holding out wide, empty arms. "You will sit here, will you not?" she asked.

Adelheid looked up and around, meeting all the curious, respectful glances with a sort of fearless pride.

"Where do you sit?" she asked.

Cis indicated her position in the chorus.

"Then I will go with you," said Adelheid, with a decision that was past alteration.

Herr Berg came in at that moment, and the youth of Poppelsdorf had the pleasure of carrying home the news in many versions of the *Herr Direktor's* astonishment and his gracious delight at the condescension of this new pupil. Adelheid cut his compliments short; she had the air of a young queen as she stepped up to her seat, her obsequious neighbours falling back with many bows and much yielding of place, all but Cis upon whom she laid a firm, detaining hand.

"You must keep by me," Adelheid whispered imperiously, but Cis had no desire to escape. She thought all the fuss, the *Direktor's* bows, the singers' careful genuflections, a trespass on good taste, but she was too wearily shaken and disturbed to question herself much on the matter. She had never sung so badly; never before had Daniel delivered so tame and spiritless a message. She tried to shake herself free, yet she felt that her rendering of "Can the black Ethiop change his skin?" was colourless and characterless in her mouth as it had ever been in Sophie Berg's. She was conscious of wonder on Hans Meyer's face that settled gradually into bewildered disappointment—of Sophie's wandering glances of half-bold, half-frightened reproach. Herr Berg alone made no sign. He was as bland and charming as if he were playing in the music room of the villa; anger seemed impossible to one so mild and gracious. Cis felt a dull wonder, yet though her own part failed, she knew that the choruses went well, with a splendid precision and the most delicate shading. She stopped singing more than once to listen, and she could hear Adelheid's voice clear and shrill, not low and sad as in speech, chiming in with the others. Yet even the great, dramatic conclusion failed for once to move her, and she felt, with a sudden chill contraction at her heart, that perhaps, after all, even music might one day fall short. She was only tired, and a night's long, healthful sleep would bring changed visions.

While Herr Berg was held in talk for a moment by one of his pupils, with whom he had some arrangement to make, Adelheid hurried Cis away.

"I don't like all those people staring at me," she said, scarcely troubling to lower her voice; "and I will not have Herr Berg making his silly compliments. Is there not a side door? I have seen it—yes, let us go out that way."

Cis turned aside to the *Direktor's* private room; she had been there before with Hans. A side door led into a quiet back street, quite deserted, since the members of the *Verein* made use of the main exit.

"And now, Fräulein von Winterfeld," she said,

stopping her companion's hurrying steps, "how do you mean to get home? You ordered your carriage to wait for you in the Engalgasse, I suppose?" Adelheid laughed quite gaily. "I ordered no carriage," she said; "I got out before I came to your Engalgasse, and sent the coachman home. He doesn't know where to come for me."

"Then we must send a message. Meanwhile, will you walk till we reach Herr Ehlers', and find some one to go to the villa."

"I will walk, but not to Herr Ehlers'," said Adelheid, with gay decision. "I am going to walk home, and you are coming with me. You are not afraid; you are English. All English women walk alone. It will be delightful."

"But your brother," began Cis, wondering privately if she were expected to return from the villa alone, and seeing nothing delightful in the prospect. "He would disapprove; he would be much shocked."

"Oh, Friedemann!" Adelheid spoke with light indifference; "he will be dead with fatigue: too tired even for poetry. He will never remember my existence till to-morrow at lunch-time. Come, we shall go by the river walk. It is midnight; have you ever seen our river by the light of the moon? It is like a dream. I have watched it from the terrace at home."

"We shall go by the town," said Cis, with quiet gentleness; "it is too late for us to be out alone on so quiet a walk as that by the river."

"Oh, you are afraid!" said Adelheid, with contemptuous haughtiness. "I thought you English were afraid of nothing!"

"Except of doing wrong, and you are equally afraid of that here in Germany."

"Do you call that courage?"

"The most exacting sort of courage," Cis might have answered, but she was anxiously looking at a furtive figure stealing on near them in the quietness of the empty street. As it passed under a lamp she gave a sigh of relief and gladness.

"Hans!" she cried out, in her clear accents.

The figure paused and turned. It was the faithful Meyer, who had been keeping watch, afraid to join them, and equally afraid to lose them from his sight.

"Oh, Hans!" said Cis, with a glad note in her voice, "Fräulein von Winterfeld wishes to walk home, the night is so fine; will you come with us and protect us?"

"If the *Gnädiges Fräulein* wishes it," said Hans, with the respect of the subject for the queen.

"I don't wish it in the least," said Adelheid, with great haughtiness; "but since Miss Ræburn is afraid—"

"Yes, I am afraid," said Cis quietly, ignoring this taunt.

They went on very silently. Adelheid had dropped Cis's arm, and there was a quick irritation in her walk and the carriage of her head. Hans, in spite of Cis's attempts to keep step with him, would fall behind. When they had turned out of the narrow street into the broad thoroughfare, fallen quite silent too, it appeared as if they were to make a dumb procession, but suddenly Adelheid turned and burst out:

"Why don't you talk, you two! Did you spend all your breath on these choruses?"

"You were singing too," said Cis, smiling, "I heard you."

"Yes," she answered, "that is the music I like. It is strong, and passionate, and full of life. It is like the waves of the sea. It carries you out, far away with it. I shall come again. The *Direktor* shall take me for a pupil also, but only for choruses. Do you give up your life to music too?" She turned upon the astonished Hans. "Do you care for it more than for anything else? I have seen you before. Have you been at the villa?"

"I have been there once, *Meine Gnädigste*," said Hans, fluttered by all these questions, "at a concert which the Herr Baron gave."

"I shall get up some concerts too," Adelheid



interrupted gaily, "but it shall be all singing together; not even you," she turned to Cis, "shall sing one note alone. Oh, I know, you will say it is like my parrots. Well, that is the kind of noise that I like best." Adelheid was her gayest, most wilful self, passing like a will-o'-the-wisp from mood to mood. She was laughing her high, clear laugh at something Hans said in his shy, simple way, when a sound of wheels was heard in the quiet street. Adelheid glanced behind her. "It is Friedemann," she said, and her tone became of a sudden chilling; "oh yes, I knew my holiday was at an end," she murmured, as the horses were reined in sharply at her side. The footman had recognised her and sprang down, inwardly astonished to see his young mistress walking at such an hour, but outwardly obsequious. The window of the carriage was let down slowly, and a pale, tired face showed itself.

"Why, Adelheid!" said the Baron, in a tone of weary surprise and disapproval.

"Yes, Friedemann," she answered with cold pride, "we will postpone the explanation, if you please. Miss Raeburn and a friend of hers are with me, and we must not keep them waiting in the cold."

"Miss Raeburn," said the Baron, seemingly more perplexed than ever; "and do you propose, Adelheid, that she should walk home alone?"

"I do not suppose that *you* mean to go with her," retorted his sister; "she has a companion."

"Hans Meyer is with me," said Cis, stepping forward out of the darkness and speaking in a clear, grave voice, "he will protect me, Herr Baron. No, indeed, you must not think of driving us; we prefer to walk. Good night, Fräulein von Winterfeld."

"Good night," said Adelheid coldly, drawing up the window with a quick movement that cut short any further remonstrance on the part of her brother.

Cis and young Meyer paused involuntarily till the carriage had rolled away in a white cloud of dust. She sighed when they turned to walk home. "Do you mind giving me your arm, Hans?" she said, "I am so tired."

The boy was proud and eager to help her, but she could see that his thoughts were going out towards the villa, with the flying carriage. Adelheid had dazzled and bewildered him with her capricious ways, melting from haughtiness and stiffening once more into pride and disdain. "I should like to compose something and dedicate it to her," he said, for Hans in his modest way had a charming little creative gift.

"A caprice, perhaps," said Cis, smiling to herself in the darkness.

"No, a nocturne, such as Chopin could have written, delicately tender, morbid, full of strange effects and surprises."

"You have never written any music for me, Hans," she said, brightening as they drew nearer home. "When you do, don't let Chopin inspire you. His music too greatly reflects his life for my taste; it is too unrestful, hot, sickly; too morbid, as you say."

"I shall never write any music for you, Fräulein Cäcilie," said Hans, with mournful simplicity, "I could never write any good enough; it is you who teach us."

"That is a pretty compliment to end the day with," she said, laughing, as she bade him good night. "It is the only nice thing I have heard for a long time, Hans."

It comforted her, somehow, to know that she had this boy's firm and faithful friendship to lean on, always to feel sure of; for in the weeks that followed she was made subtly aware of a growing coldness in the looks and words of her acquaintances. The episode in the Allee was not soon forgotten. Without exactly straying from the truth in her statement of the affair, Mina Kleiner managed to wear an air of heroically-borne suffering that pleaded eloquently for her. Cis struggled with a

tumultuous rush of anger and indignation at the whispers and glances that reached her. The English were so cruel, so rough, they had no sympathy. Thus Mina posed as a martyred angel, and crossed the Rhine more frequently than ever, that she might receive the sympathy of her friends. Perhaps the rupture with Mina alone might not have served to alienate Cis from her small world. Mina's woes might have ceased in time to be stimulating; but the *Direktor's* veiled approval of his best pupil, and the open regard in which she was held at the villa, could not be overlooked or forgotten.

Sophie Berg, who had coloured Cis in her feeble mind as quite a monster of boldness and cruelty, had again a faction to side with her. The chorus was divided into indifferent onlookers—these, mostly the men and active foes, the latter headed by the young lady who took the part of Cyrus. Only Hans and Schroedor and the poor pianist were staunch to Cecilia, and would hear no whisper against her. As for the others, they hated her because she was a foreigner—an *Engländerinn*—of that nation the most unmusical in the world, and was put over their heads—not only the first in the *Verein*, but the first, too, at the villa. But for the *Direktor*, who wore his George Frederick air, and was fiercer, hotter, more exacting than ever as the concert drew near, the chorus singers might have broken into open revolt.

The concert took place towards the end of February in honour of the great composer's birthday. It inspired a general interest in the little town, since in almost every family there was a brother or a sister or a cousin who belonged to the *Verein*, and all the tickets were speedily bought up. By a sort of unwritten law the maiden band of singers wore white and blue. Cis alone, standing aloof from girl friendships, did not know of this custom, and her slender wardrobe could not furnish her with any suitable dress. It was only at the last moment that Frau Ehlers made this fatal discovery, and the good woman was in despair. Cis was constrained to laugh at her consternation.

"What does it matter?" she said. "I am a stranger: they will not mind. I am English, that will account sufficiently for my old black gown." In her heart she thought with a bitterness that was growing to be at home then, that they would all be glad if she was singled out for laughter.

But Frau Ehlers was too solemn to laugh. "It is *mode* here," she said, as if that explained everything. "One of my old morning wrappers, such as I wore when I was young like you," she said, hesitatingly, watching the effect of her hint, "and you have surely a blue ribbon, Fräulein Cäcilie?"

"Not such a thing," said Cis; "the one company gown we possessed was left for my sister." She thought of the yellow muslin she had insisted on bequeathing to Liddy. She was resigning herself unwillingly to the thought of Frau Ehlers' ample white cotton—Frau Ehlers might have been young, but she never could have been slender—when there arrived a large parcel carried by a footman, with one of those dainty, explanatory notes that came so often now from Adelheid.

Frau Ehlers looked on with arms akimbo, and a face of the liveliest delight, while Cis, with strange misgiving, undid the wrappings, and displayed a costume of delicate ivory, touched here and there with blue.

"You will forgive me, my St Cecily," Adelheid wrote, "but I have an imperious desire to see myself reflected in you. My dressmaker has sent me a costume similar to this, which I beg of you to wear for the concert. The cruel Herr *Direktor* will not let me join the *Verein*, but at least I shall wear your colours and listen to you, and be as like you as I may. . . ."

Cis's cheeks burned a dull red: she shrank almost as if Adelheid had given her a blow; the pride of her Scottish birth was in her veins. She was wounded, affronted.

"I will wear your morning cotton if you will let

me have it, dear Frau Ehlers," she said, pushing the parcel from her. But Frau Ehlers almost screamed at the dreadful impropriety of this idea.

"You would slight the gracious young lady's gift!" she cried. "The dress is charming—*Reizend! ganz Entzückend!*" She exhausted all her artillery of praise. "You would wound her—outrage her, if you refused to wear it. She means it in the most noble kindness—she would have you wear what she wears, and you would deny her this pleasure!" Frau Ehlers' voice flowed on in entreaty, rebuke, persuasion, and quite suddenly Cis yielded.

"I suppose it was meant in kindness," she said; "I will wear the dress." Perhaps, after all, she had wronged Adelheid. Over-sensitive, over-wistful, she would always hurt herself rather than another. The dress was beautiful, with a certain severe yet fantastic simplicity. Cis had never worn anything so costly, and perhaps at another time she might have taken some pride in her improved look, but she was bracing herself for the ordeal of the night. In a certain sense the soft drapery of white and blue was like the robe the novitiate wears before her dedication. It would set her more widely apart than ever from her fellow singers: as much asunder as if they belonged indeed to different worlds.

She was ready and waiting till the last moment before descending—shrinking from Frau Ehlers' eager examination—when she was roused by a little tap at her door.

"Come in," she said, thinking it was Hans, but it was Mina Kleiner who revealed herself. The colour rushed up warm in Cis's cheeks.

"Oh—may I come in?" said Mina, conveying a pitying and calmly forgiving altitude of mind in her accents. "If I disturb you—"

"You do not disturb me," said Cis, coldly.

Mina had already entered; her light eyes were travelling eagerly up and down Cecilia's dress. At the look Cis's heart braced itself as if for battle. She had had a faint, half-formed purpose of begging Frau Ehlers to keep the gift a secret from her coffee-loving friends, but she no longer cherished the desire. Mina had relieved her mourning by a coquettish white scarf and bouquet of flowers pinned under her ear. She was going, like all the world, to hear "Belshazzar."

"I came with a little parcel," she said, still with that mild, forbearing air—a trifling little bit of work I have done for your cousin. He has been so kind—so friendly—so brotherly in our affliction!" Mina put her handkerchief to her eyes. "He understands as so few can understand." Her grief seemed to overcome her. "A poor little expression of my gratitude," she said brokenly.

Cis looked down on the gay cigar-case with a heart that had no response ready. She opened the case mechanically, and saw a few lines—perhaps of further gratitude—in cramped German writing folded within.

"I have no doubt my cousin will be—gratified," she said coldly. "But as I shall not be writing to him for some days, I think it would be well for you to send your gift to him yourself. I will give you his address."

"Oh, very well," said Mina, an unspoken thought of the postage giving an edge of offence to her view, "just as you like." She forgot her rôle of patient and forgiving mildness for a moment, and bridled in the old way Cis had learned to hate as she took the address.

"Your cousin will think it very odd that I should write to him—a gentleman," she said, blushing pink all over, and breaking into conscious smiles.

"There is nothing odd in gratitude," said Cis, ungraciously.

Cis could hardly have explained why it was that she sang as she did that night. Perhaps it was the feeling but vaguely entertained, and yet colouring all her thoughts, that other things were slipping from her, and that music alone was left—her work, her art—that she had once thought was all her life, that, at least, would remain though other delights



not less dear might pass away. She forgot the wondering looks that greeted her as she entered the hall: looks that changed to suspicion and jealousy when Adelheid von Winterfeld and her brother came in late, and occupied the chairs reserved for them in the front row. It was but rarely that the shy and shrinking Baron, suffering a torture the robust could never guess at, let himself be seen in public; he preferred to hide his sensitive, quivering nerves in the solitude of his own beautiful villa. It could be but for the new singer, the stranger, the Englishwoman who had bewitched his sister, that he came at all. Quick eyes took in with a sort of lightning intuition the dress—alike in its minutest detail—that Adelheid and Cecilia wore, and poor and petty minds were not less quick in their conclusions. Adelheid, out of a sudden whim to be as like her friend as she could, did not wear a single jewel; she looked less splendid, but younger, more girlish, more gentle than usual. Hans, the knightly boy worshipper of both, looked from Cecilia singing among the circling chorus rows to Adelheid, sitting straight, with the warm background of crimson behind her, smiling, blushing, good; and wondered which was the fairer. Cecilia was not smiling. She was very pale, with a certain grave, calm composure, but when her voice rang out there was a great hush and silence. All her passion, all her hot pleading against injustice, against misrepresentation, made a voice for itself in her singing. When it was all over and the last "Amen" had died on the lips of the singers, she looked up and around for the first time. All the faces about her were cold and unresponsive; no one spoke; only Herr Berg stepped forward and handed her down; and then, in face of all the townsfolk, waiting respectfully for the *Herrschafter* to move, Adelheid rose impulsively, and held out her two hands to Cecilia.

"It was beautiful," she said in her low soft voice. "Glorious; I would have given all I have and own to sing as you sung to-night. That is power."

"Oh no," said Cis, who was feeling suddenly weary, "don't wish to be like me—never."

The Baron had risen too. There was a strange light in the sad, eager eyes he lifted to Cecilia, but he only said—"We cannot hope to thank you enough, Miss Raeburn. You are very tired; will you give my sister and me the pleasure of seeing you home?"

"Thank you, yes," said Cis very quietly. She was thinking that no one else among all that crowd, unless it might be Hans, perhaps, cared whether she was weary or not.

(To be continued.)



A MUSICAL GROTESQUE FOR CHILDREN OF ALL GROWTHS.

#### CHAPTER III.—(continued).

##### Concerning Pip's Flattering Reception and Subsequent Elevation.

THE rest of the poetical representatives of Queerland, overwhelmed with confusion at the lamentable conflict of their leaders, reluctantly beat a retreat, and a second and larger deputation at once crowded into the vacated space. As Pip scanned the motley gathering

before him, he became aware of the fact that the individual who had claimed complimentary relations with him was in reality an important type of a large section of the Queerland community. The larger proportion of the host then besieging him, consisted, in short, of bodies of various shapes and sizes. Of these many had, like his larger half, a considerable development of chest and throat; but with them there were others of an altogether suspicious rotundity suggestive of the combined influence of trombones and tumblers. Others again possessed preternaturally lithe and agile fingers, which were constantly executing involuntary feats of dexterity. Some were evidently engaged in the practice of shakes and turns in the pockets of their coats and trousers, while one or two had a nervous habit of arpeggiating up and down their waistcoat-buttons or on any piece of furniture which stood within their reach.

"This," murmured Pip to himself, "is the sad but inevitable result of the specialisation of function. In a later stage of development, a man may be born as naturally with a musical instrument attached to him as he is now with a tendency to red hair or with an Austrian lip." Then he sighed and jotted down in his memorandum book the statement—"The fundamental point of resemblance in the majority of musicians of Queerland is a total want of head; and it is precisely these who have received the largest number of decorations."

He was startled, however, in his meditations by a loud shout of "Pip, Pip, hurrah!" which was prolonged to the disturbance of the assembly by the inability of many of those present to let go the last syllable without indulging in a series of scales and vocal exercises,—another instance of the public force of private habit. The immediate occasion of the cheer was the advance of a leading body to the front, bearing a voluminous address, which he proceeded to unfold and read.

The document was somewhat too long for citation, but it was unique in its attempt to connect musical and literary forms. Unable to throw off the first in their attempt to achieve the second, the deputation had produced a very creditable verbal sonata. It began with the expression of gladness that so great a man as Pip should have visited Queerland; and this constituted a chief or principal subject from which the address modulated into the key of the dominant, in the expression of the wish that Pip should live for ever. Then came the grouping of the two subjects—the hope that so great a man as Pip would live in Queerland for ever, and finally a free fantasia or thematic working out of both subjects in the suggestion of all that he might, could, should, and would do if he so continued in that country. A return to the tonic in a concluding fortissimo renewal of welcome rounded off the whole. It was clear that the composer of the address was even prouder of it than he was of the great bass aria—"In trode the awful elephant" in his famous oratorio, "Noah's Ark."

The concluding words of the orator were the signal for the instrumentalists in the background to play the national anthem of Queerland, without which no public gathering considered itself respectable; and then Pip rose to reply.

At first his emotion so interfered with his utterance that it was only with difficulty that he was understood to express his conviction that it was the supreme moment of his life. One deep source of pride—he might say the deepest and purest source—lay in the fact that, though he thus came amongst them for the first time, yet he could in some measure claim to be a native of that vast and influential country. His maternal grandmother's—and here he would ask their closest attention and severest scrutiny of the claims which he put forward—he repeated that his maternal grandmother's fourth cousin's wife's mother had been known to assert that her stepmother's father had been beyond dispute a changeling; since, although on a certain evening when deposited in his cradle there had been distinct evidence that he would thereafter

develop a Roman nose, yet, on the following morning, when the cat had been removed, it was discovered that the infant's nose was unmistakably *retroussé*—he might even be pardoned if, availing himself of the terseness of the vernacular, he termed it an absolute snub. He believed that the changeling profession was peculiar to their own country,—that the proved exchange in the case of his deeply revered relative might be held in evidence of the interest which the inhabitants of Queerland had always taken in the welfare of his family,—and though it had been denied him ever to have intercourse with his kinsman, yet he made bold to regard it as beyond dispute that no man could have a changeling for his maternal grandmother's fourth cousin's wife's mother's stepmother's father without in some sense, and a very broad and intimate sense, being a denizen of Queerland. His foot was on his native heath (applause), and it was with confidence, therefore, that he ventured to solicit their attention to the few remarks which, he might remark, he was about to remark.

At this lofty climax there was a round of tumultuous cheering, which burst the strings of several violins, but which enabled the orator to sip a glass of water and take several inhalations from the ammoniaphone. While he was doing so, the craniologist, who stood behind his chair, occupied himself in the stimulation of the upper hinder portion of Pip's brain, a process which speedily showed its efficacy in an increase of self-confidence when the speaker renewed his address.

He might say, in the first place—he went on—that he was inspired, by the things which had recently happened to him, to devote himself and his life to the promotion of the great ideas which had begun to take definite shape in his mind. His worthy friend behind him would attest, if they required it, the marvellous nature of his (Pip's) personal composition. He (Pip) was no ordinary man (applause), though he might err against modesty in saying so. Every man had a poet, or some portion of a poet, somewhere within him, but he had more poets inside him than any other man. Every man had a musician, or the fraction of a musician, within him, but he ventured to assert that he had inside him more musicians than any other man. The poet and musician in other men were mostly dormant—in him they were rampant: in other men they were casually appreciative—in him they were chronically creative. If they doubted him (cries of "No, no," and applause), he would prove it to them. He would compose a song and sing it to his own accompaniment on any subject or in any manner they might like to suggest. He would out-Hankam Herr Hankam, and would not shrink even from such startling themes as "The reflections of a lobster while boiling," "A dialogue between the strings of a Stradivarius upon perceiving a child's toy violin," "Thoughts of a cockchafer hovering round an engaged couple," "Philosophical considerations of a domestic fly perambulating the bald head of an eminent statesman," and the like. He—

There was a still, small voice, which interrupted, amid cries of "Put him out," and which suggested that, without presuming to question his statements, they would gladly hear him upon some such congenial theme as "The revolt of a mediæval romanticist from the canons of ecclesiastical music." There was no escape, so seizing his harp and whispering hurriedly to the craniologist—"Just turn on a few bumps, will you?" Pip played a short prelude and then sang:

"Why labour still at rule and code?  
With counted fingers shape the ode?  
The music flits with winged feet  
The while you question which were meet—  
Or Plagal or Authentic Mode."

"Leave saints to plod the formal road—  
Saint Gregory, Ambrose, with their lead  
Of barren mysteries that cheat  
Love's wistful pain."

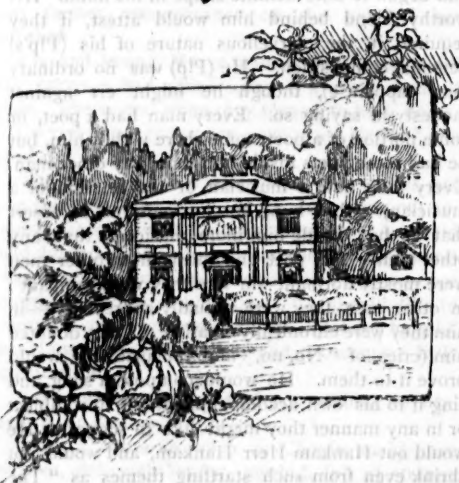


"For me I care not: when I showed  
My skill in these, the music flowed  
Unheeded past my lady's seat;  
But when the notes came eddying fleet  
And lawless—in her face there glowed  
Love's wistful pain."

The audience rose to their feet and waved their handkerchiefs with great enthusiasm, though Pip's enjoyment was somewhat marred by the fact that the craniologist bowed in response to it as though he were the principal performer, and the singer a mere automaton in his hands. However, he soon recovered his equanimity and wound up his speech with a series of proposals for the edification and entertainment of the inhabitants of Queerland. It is sufficient to say that these comprised a lecture on the ideal and principles of musical progress, a series of ballad concerts, the production of a new opera of which both libretto and music were to be by Piping Pip, and other delicacies calculated to quicken the appetite of his auditors. One thing, at least, was certain, that if they proved at all adequate to the manner of their announcement, a new tradition was about to be inaugurated, if haply the world itself were not about to be turned upside down. Spellbound by his fervour and eloquence, his auditors could only shout in response to his suggestions, and prostrate themselves before him as the high priest of their art. Then they went home, and wondered what in the name of all things wonderful they had made so much fuss about.

[To be continued.]

## Wagner in Bayreuth.



**W**HEN the first stone of the theatre was solemnly laid at Bayreuth on the 22d of May 1872, the king sent the following despatch to Wagner:—"From the depths of my heart, dear friend, I express to you, on this day of such great import to all Germany, my warmest and sincerest congratulations. Success and blessing to the great enterprise of the coming year! To-day more than ever I am with you in spirit."

"LUDWIG."

Several days later Madame Wagner wrote: "Our fête is over, and in spite of very bad weather it has been superb. The words of Beethoven, 'all men become brothers,' seemed to be realised during these few days at Bayreuth, where our friends, known and unknown, have congregated from every quarter of the globe, having all one thought and one faith."

In 1876 the theatre was finished, and the colossal work, the "Ring of the Nibelung," was put upon the stage. Sovereigns and artists rushed toward Bayreuth. That little city, so obscure a few years ago, and so suddenly rendered famous by the caprice of a man of genius, is hidden behind the chilly mountains of Upper Franconia. Pine woods, rapid streams, vast plains bounded by blue-tinted hills against the misty sky, long poplar-studded roads, along which harnessed oxen slowly travel in couples are some of the features seen on approaching this city, which, all at once, in honour of the theatre rising in

proud simplicity on the hill, throws open its gates to art lovers from all lands.

Wahnfried is the name of Wagner's villa at Bayreuth. It is a name full of melancholy doubt, and is difficult to translate; its truest signification being, perhaps, illusions of peace. At the height of his glory, he whose life had been so troubled and painful wished to persuade himself that he had at last created a retreat where he could thenceforward live in peace. The house, constructed upon Wagner's own plan, appears at the end of a long avenue; it is built of grayish red stones, almost square, and without other ornament than the fresco upon the front, which recalls a scene from the Nibelungen. A straight flight of steps leads to the door; that opens upon a small ante-room, which again communicates with a large vestibule, very high, and lighted from the top. It is surrounded, on a level with the first storey, by a gallery, decorated with paintings, representing Eastern scenes. The floor is paved with flagstones, divans are placed in the angles, together with marble statues of Wagner's heroes—the work of enthusiastic sculptors—and a large American organ with brass stops may also be noticed. At the right is the dining-room; on the left a little *salon* filled with objects of art. Facing this is the great hall of reunion, vast and sumptuous, at once library and working-room. It is terminated by a glass rotunda opening into the garden, where a fountain babbles joyously.

The theatre, which stands outside the city on a hill, is a construction of simple aspect. When I saw it for the first time rising majestically on the height, illumined by the rays of the setting sun, and marked the contemplative crowd slowly ascending on every side towards this temple of art, I could not restrain emotion. The dream of this man's entire life was thus at last realised. The world that had persecuted him hastened finally to greet him with a rapture beyond precedent. He enjoyed even in life his apotheosis. This new phase of his life had, however, changed nothing in his manner; this immense triumph failed to intoxicate him; he did not even appear to be greatly impressed. It seemed to me that the Nibelungen were far from his mind, which already meditated new creations. He made me visit the theatre in all its details, from the hidden orchestra, sunk beneath the stage, to the mechanism which held suspended the Undines of the Rhine. We had to climb everything that was practicable, descend to the floor under the stage; and I perceived that the master had lost none of his early agility.

Those who were present at the admirable representations of 1876, when everything was directed by Wagner, are not likely to forget them. Indeed, a like solemnity has not been reproduced since the great theatrical celebrations of ancient Greece.

It was with quickly beating heart that in 1881 I crossed once more the threshold of Wagner's dwelling, and stood in the master's presence. The whole family is assembled in the drawing-room, which is brightened by a ray of sunlight. Liszt, who has come to pass a few weeks with his dear grandchildren, is superb, with his long white hair, his bushy eyebrows, beneath which shine a lion's eyes. My godson is already growing large; he has a broad forehead, and blue eyes of exquisite sweetness. The master comes up from the garden, always the same, even younger, like an immortal defying time. He receives us with that tender effusion with which those of his followers, by whom he knows himself perfectly loved, inspire him; for he has nothing of the impassable egotism which so often attacks great men when they arrive at a certain height of glory. He is rather too impressionable; he allows himself to be governed by the momentary violence of his impressions; and the only uneasiness he causes to those who surround him proceeds from this intensity in his sadness or joy, or from his anger, which a nature less tempered than his would not be able to re-

sist. He can sometimes forget, even completely change, his opinion; he can love that which he once detested, and always with the same sincerity.

We pass to the dining-room. The master is now rapturously gay; he expresses himself with some difficulty in French, which does not, however, prevent his playing upon the words as no one else can. He tells us of his journey to Naples and Venice, of the pleasure he has derived from Italy, and we quickly divine in him a longing for the sun and new horizons; he is thinking of Greece, the Bosphorus, India. Oh Wahnfried, Wahnfried! One thing evidently wears him greatly; it is the instrumentation of "Parsifal." He complains of not being able to form young artists capable of aiding him in his work; but this is simply make-believe, he well knows that it is impossible. "When one is young," he said, "when the nerves are not yet fatigued, and one writes scores with a certain ease, even that of 'Lohengrin,' without knowing all the resources of colouring and combination, the work is not comparable to that which the new works demand, and which must be written at a maturer age. Auber, however, wrote until his eighty-fourth year, without fatigue; but he had not changed his manner." Liszt relates a speech of Auber's, to whom a young musician of great promise had been presented. "Are we not enough already?" cried the master. He afterwards spoke of a counterbass with five chords, the object of which is to descend still further in the lower notes than the ordinary counterbass does. Wagner said of a gentleman who came to submit a similar process to him, that he sent him about his business.

We were reproached for not having come a month sooner, when the house was full of singers, to whom the parts of "Parsifal" were assigned, and who began their first studies. To console us, Wagner promised to let us hear certain passages. But he pretends to play badly, so that it will not be the same thing. There is a project to go to-morrow to the theatre to see the models of the scenes, provided the machinist who is expected has arrived to show them.

On the following day we are early at Wahnfried. The gate is never shut except by a bolt, and we can take a solitary walk in the garden without disturbing any one. Long trellises of virgin vines, already blood-stained by the autumn, creep the length of each side of the way leading to the house; it is almost dark under their shelter; in places, however, the green roof becomes lighter, and the dead leaves rustle under our feet. The space intervening between these trellises and the centre walk is reserved for the kitchen garden; but the soil does not appear to be fertile. We come out at the conservatory, where there is already a fire; all the delicate flowers have been brought indoors. A few exotic plants destined to ornament the drawing-room, but which are withering, are there as in an infirmary. In front of the hot-house, on the other side of the house, cries and a flapping of wings indicate the hen-house; it is large and gay, and might be taken for a sample from the *Jardin d'Acclimatation* in Paris. Peacocks, silver pheasants, rare hens, and a scattering of pigeons fill it, defying the cook's knife, for the place is as sacred to them as if they were taking their sports within the enclosure of a Brahmin temple.

In front of the drawing-room, and surrounding the fountain, is the pleasure-garden, with fine lawns, beds of Bengal roses, and flowers of all kinds. Many of them are already frosted. This free space is enclosed by a bushy wood forming a sort of wall. One must penetrate its shadows to approach the tomb, which has been already so much talked of, and which by a sufficiently exuberant fancy the master caused to be built at the same time with his house. It is completely enveloped by the thick coppice, and is without egress; it is only when autumn strips the trees that a large grey marble slab can be seen through the confusion of branches, over which the briars twine themselves. A graceful





pavilion of two storeys, at gymnasium for the children, hemicycles of grass, with stone benches, are scattered in this wood, which leads to a little gate, looking out upon the royal residence. The stroke of the clock recalls us to the house. The master has finished his morning task, and shows us his well-filled page lying upon the table. His life is one of the greatest regularity, above all when, as at this time, he is pursuing a hurried and fatiguing work. He rises at six, but after his bath retires again and reads until ten. At eleven he sets himself to work until two o'clock. After dinner he rests for a short time, always in company with a book. From four until six he drives, then goes back to his work until supper, at eight; the evening is passed gaily with his family, and before eleven all the household is in bed.

A visit to the theatre is again spoken of; the machinist whom we expected evidently cannot come; but we shall go to see the models and scenery in M. Ioukouski's studio. "My theatre will, I think," said the master, "become a sort of conservatory where singers will be found, and where the method in which my works will be executed and put upon the stage will serve as a model to directors and managers who will mount them elsewhere." The Paris Conservatory still holds to the tradition of the movements of Gluck's "Iphigenia." "You have there," he added, "an orchestra of the first order—Beethoven's Symphonies were played to perfection." Liszt tells of a very singular appreciation on Boieldieu's part of the Beethoven Symphonies, at the time of their first hearing in Paris. "It certainly produces an effect," he said, "but it bears a resemblance to people chewing tobacco and swearing in a guard-house."

We start upon a visit to M. Paul Ioukouski's studio. This young painter, who, meeting Richard Wagner at Naples, solicited and obtained the honour of being chosen for the work of the scenery in "Parsifal," leaving all to follow the master, is the son of one of Russia's most illustrious poets, who was the preceptor of Alexander II. The artist is installed in a house in the immediate neighbourhood of Wahnfried, and lives there like a hermit, putting his whole heart into his work. The sketches, which are real pictures, are displayed upon the various easels. On the first is the forest, with the rising sun, for the first tableau, which, to make place for the second, will slide gently from left to right, sinking down little by little, while the characters are supposed to be advancing as they ascend a hill. These characters will disappear behind masses of rocks, then will be seen again in grottoes near Cyclopean substructures, and then in galleries. They finally pass through a door, and the temple of the Grail will appear. Here it is seen, upon the neighbouring easel, with its porphyry columns, its capital of precious stones, its vaults, its double cupolas, its mysterious depths. The tables destined for the sacred repast, which bring to mind the sacrament, are arranged on either side of the altar. The smooth marble-paved floor reflects like a lake. Mr Brandt, machinist of the theatre at Darmstadt, a man of genius, it appears, for whom the word impossible does not exist, says that he can produce this glittering effect, and that the only difficulty lies in the rapid shifting of the scenery.

The fantastic garden, created by the magician, Kling-sor, in order to reduce and ruin the Knights of the Grail, was a thing difficult to conceive. Wagner wished for something absolutely improbable; the conception of a dream, a wild efflorescence brought to life by the stroke of a wand, not by plodding earthly labour; he was dissatisfied with every attempt. He has, however, obtained his desire, and it appears that on the stage the scene is one of the most successful of all. What is most singular is that these giant flowers, sheaves, clusters, and thickets, which leave only a corner on the horizon visible, fade away and die in the twinkling of an eye, leaving in sight only an arid moor, shut in by snowy mountains, while a shower of withered leaves and dried petals falls upon the ground. The flowering meadow near the spring wood, which shelters the hermit's hut, with its clear spring murmuring beneath the thick moss, is truly enchanting. From this we return by a shifting of scenes analogous to that in the first act, to the temple of the Grail, where the piece ends. The costumes are not more easy of invention, for the master will not be satisfied with anything, to the costumers' indignation. Even should they all become wretched they must yield. The enchantresses evoked by the magician,—women who are flowers, as the syrens are fishes,—are those who give the most trouble. Wagner will not have attractive young girls, but real animated flowers. There is also the tunic of the terrible and marvellous Kundry.

When we returned on the following evening the master kept his promise, and let us hear fragments from "Parsifal." "Liszt's presence makes me lose my powers in a measure," he said, laughing, "he intimidates me, for I know that my false notes irritate him." Unfortunately, Liszt, who only yesterday improvised upon the piano in a delightful manner, blending with his own inventions movements from "Tristan und Isolde," has slightly wounded his finger, and cannot play. It must certainly be acknowledged that Wagner is an imperfect pianist, and he is the first to laugh at his own imperfection. We notice, however, in a wonderful manner, certain passages which the author knows how to render with the true expression, better than any other.

JUDITH GAUTIER.

## Accidentals.

A SUM of £3500, the proceeds of the Birmingham Musical Festival, has been paid over to the General Hospital of the town.

A CALL of a guinea and a half has been made on the five hundred guarantors of the Bristol Festival. Guarantors generally are finding their office no sinecure.

HER MAJESTY the Queen has presented Madame Marie Roze with a diamond locket in remembrance of her visit to Balmoral, when the popular vocalist had the honour of singing before the Queen and the Royal Family.

M. GOUNOD is writing a pamphlet on the reforms necessary to place opera once more on a sound basis. If the French composer can adequately set forth these reforms within the limits of a pamphlet, he has hitherto been mistaking his vocation.

DR VILLIERS STANFORD's music to the "Eumenides" has been published by Messrs Macmillan & Bowes of Cambridge. Performances of the drama, in the original, are to take place at Cambridge on December 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 5th.

THE *Figaro* remarks: The news once more comes from Paris that Madame Carlotta Patti has fallen down stairs and broken her leg. It will be interesting to know how many more legs the paragraphists believe this lady has to fracture. If she goes on breaking legs at this rate, the newspapers will make the popular vocalist a centipede.

THE so-called "popular" song, says the *Spectator*, is never so popular as when it is borrowed from a melody as old as the hills. We dare say that not all our readers are aware that the once widely celebrated comic song of "Kafoozeum," the air of which is still so familiar to all dancers of the Highland schottische, is simply an old Highland melody.

PROFESSOR RITTER, of Würzburg, has reintroduced into musical use an old form of viola, which is considerably larger than the corresponding instrument employed in our modern orchestras. He now thinks of perfecting the instrument, and demonstrating its suitability for solo playing. For this purpose he intends to visit the chief musical centres of Europe.

THE music for Mr Irving's stage setting of "Faust" has been supplied by Mr Hamilton Clarke. If Mr Clarke has been content with the modest task of arranging existing Faust music he has had a very rich choice. If he has himself essayed themes already attempted by Gounod, Berlioz, Schumann, and Boito, he will have some difficulty in satisfying the musical portion of the audiences that will doubtless crowd the Lyceum.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following note:—"A Symphonic Poem by a comparatively little known composer was the *pièce de résistance* at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concert of November 7th. Mr Ferdinand Praeger's 'Liebe und Leben, Kampf und Sieg,' is a composition of so subtle a nature that its complete significance cannot be adequately gauged at a single hearing. Reserving, therefore, our final judgment for some future occasion, when we have had more opportunity of familiarising ourselves with its many details, we are prepared to pronounce it a creation instinct with fervid, artistic aspiration, nobility of conception, and dramatic earnestness."

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THE *Boston Evening Transcript*, of October 30, says of Madame Helen Hopekirk, who is giving a series of recitals in that place of the elect:—"There is a certain charm about Mme. Hopekirk's playing which makes almost everything she does pleasant to listen to. She plays from within out, and makes that most delightful of all impressions that a performer can produce, namely, that of playing the music she does because she herself enjoys it and believes in it. Impressions are subtle things, and many a player may be to a high degree intrinsically earnest and sincere without prominently seeming so. But Mme. Hopekirk somehow makes one feel that her first impulse is to play such and such compositions, whether or no, and that the arranging of these compositions into a fit and orderly programme is, with her, a subsequent process. When she plays, she seems to say to the audience, 'Here is something that I particularly want you to hear.' She has also mastered one of the secrets of successful performance, that of so thoroughly assimilating what she is to play, that, when the time comes, she appears to be improvising. This is, in the end, the impression every player should give, when playing without notes, just as every player who plays with notes ought to seem to the audience to be reading at sight. This is, after all, nothing but saying that all the study, practice, and meditation that inevitably precede a worthy performance of a composition should be kept rigidly behind the scenes; everything the player does before the public should seem spontaneous. Mme. Hopekirk possesses this art to a high degree." At the conclusion of her concerts in Boston, Mme. Helen Hopekirk will play with the Buffalo Philharmonic Society on November 30th. After that she will commence a series of concerts in Chicago, lasting from Christmas till the end of January.

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MR CORNEY GRAIN has introduced at his St George's Hall entertainment a new musical sketch, which he calls "Election Notes"—and some very tuneful, and at the same time jovial, notes he has struck in his composition. He tells how, on being introduced to his committee, the candidate, found that all committeemen are invariably introduced as the "worthy" Doctor, the "worthy" Coroner, etc. Then he speaks of the dreadful dinners he had to partake of, and of one dish that seemed to be ever present, until he came to the conclusion that the old proverb of there being nothing like leather was a fallacy, for that "stewed kidneys" utterly disproved it; of how he had to interview a Scotchman, whom he could not understand, but of whose Gaelic he gave a capital imitation; of a highly nervous lady, and a lady with innumerable olive branches; of an apparent madman, who gave himself out as Alexander the Great, but was afterwards found to be the "funny man" of the "Stoke cum Pogis," and of a free and independent voter who, being a bootmaker, had an eye to business, and would insist on pulling his boots off to measure them for a new pair. Mr Corney Grain points out what opportunities are lost at elections through the war cries of the opposing parties not being set to appropriate melodies; thus the advocates of Fair Trade should fit their motto to a soft and soothing serenade, as he does, whilst Free Traders should rollick it forth with a bold and buccaneering air. Mr Grain also asserts that the banjo being evidently the instrument of the future, a grand use can be made of it while on the "stump," and that the now common process of "heckling" should be set to a "Handelian" measure. One of the cleverest songs introduced is the agricultural voter's, who, as Giles Scroggins, is now such an important factor. The attempts at the speeches on the hustings of the proposer and the candidate, the interruptions, the scurrilousness, the various missiles thrown, the flight of the wretched would-be member who at length gains safety in the police station, evoked great laughter and completely established the success of "Election Notes."



## Foreign Notes.

FRANZ SUPPÉ, completely recovered from his recent illness, has returned to Vienna.

A LISZT Association has been formed at Leipzig for the purpose of spreading a knowledge of the composer's works.

TERESINA TUA has been decorated by the Emperor of Russia with the order of St. Andreas, and has also been appointed violinist to the Queen of Spain.

A CORRESPONDENT who has just returned from Burmah informs us that King Theebaw has a passion for music during dinner, executions, and other solemn functions.

A CONCERT in which sixty performers on the Cithern will take part, is to be given by the Psyche Society, Palermo, in aid of sufferers from the cholera.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN'S opera, "Die Kinder der Haide," first produced in Vienna in 1861, was recently performed at the Stadttheater, Dantzig.

THE collection of violins, cellos, and bows belonging to the late Richard Grant White were to be sold at auction by Bangs & Co. on the 16th of November.

THE prize offered by the Musical Section of the Royal Belgian Academy of Fine Arts for the best instrumental quartet, has been unanimously awarded to M. Adolphe Samuel.

THE whole of Schubert's symphonies have recently been published for the first time by Messrs Breitkopf and Hartel in the new edition of Schubert's works. Only two (the great one in C major, and the unfinished No. 8 in B minor) had previously appeared in print.

THE well-known pianist, Mdme. Rémaury, who during her numerous visits to England became highly popular in this country, is about to quit the profession, on her marriage to Herr von Serres, manager of the Austrian State railways.

THE Berlin Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy Exhibition for composers has been awarded to Herr Georg Stolzenburg, and that for practical musicians to Mdle. Gabriele Wietrowetz. Both are students at the Royal High School for Music.

THE death is announced from Dresden of Alwin Wieck, the eldest brother of Madame Schumann. Herr Wieck was sixty-four years of age. He occupied a distinguished position in Dresden as a teacher of singing and the piano.

THE performance of "Faust" at the Politeama Rosetti, Trieste, had to be put off lately, because, on the evening it should have taken place, the weather was so bad that the streets were inundated, and neither public nor artists could reach the theatre.

AN MS. opera, entitled "Romeo and Juliet," dating from Breslau in 1862, has been found at New York among the papers of the late Dr. Damrosch. The existence of the composition was not suspected; and it is to be hoped that as Dr. Damrosch did not think it worthy of the light, his representatives may not be so ill-advised as to produce it.

It is said that the Princess Dolgorouki, the pupil of Leonard and Vieuxtemps, has engaged herself for the forthcoming winter season to the Manager of the Royal Aquarium, Westminster. The violin upon which she plays is a Stradivarius, presented to her by the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia.

DURING the last performance of Manzotti's ballet, "Pietro Micca," at Genoa, the ballet-master, Signor Coppini, who sustained one of the leading characters, had to wrest a dagger from the traitor of the piece. During the struggle to obtain the weapon he received so serious a wound in the neck that it was necessary to carry him at once from the stage, and send off in all haste for surgical aid.

A VOLUME entitled "Wieland and Reinhold," which has appeared in Germany, contains the following curious passage:—In 1793, Wieland, the great German poet, wrote to Reinhold: "I should be pleased if your visit could occur when the operetta, 'Der Baum der Diana' will be given, the music of which is said to be extraordinarily charming; whereas, on the other hand, Mozart's 'Figaro,' which was to add to the pleasures of our celebration, is the most disagreeable thing I have ever heard in my life."

GLUCK'S "Alceste" has been revived in Vienna, after an interval of seventy-five years since its last performance. The leading rôles were in the hands of Materna, Winkelmann, and Scaria, and the public often expressed its approval in a manner which almost seemed a reproach to the management for having so long neglected this fine work. The cause of this neglect is largely due to the want of variety in the emotions inspired by the libretto; and when "Alceste" was produced in Paris twenty years ago the management steered clear of this difficulty in a characteristically French manner by leaving out the last act and replacing it by a ballet.

A SOMEWHAT ludicrous instance of zeal on the part of inanimate objects occurred recently at the Stadttheater, Bremen. In the middle of the night an apparatus for extinguishing fire, which had not long been placed in position on the roof of the building, began operations on its own accord, and poured down such a vast and continuous avalanche of water that the stage and space beneath it were completely inundated. Had the sudden and unexpected outburst of energy on the part of the apparatus taken place during the performance, the artists would have had to run for their lives. One noticeable fact connected with the affair was, that the fire brigade had to be called in to stop—the water.

THREE more precocious artists have appeared on the musical horizon—this time at San Francisco. They are three sisters: Lula, Pauline, and Louise Joran. The first and third are pianists; the second, a violinist, is said to possess also a fine voice. Another wonder-child, scarcely ten years old, is also reported from New York. His name is Andrew E. Farmer, and he hails from Richmond. He played Mozart's little C major sonata, some studies by Wollenhaupt and Cramer, and Chopin's E flat nocturne with nicely developed technique, correctly and with good musical expression. If he continues in the path so successfully begun, Master Farmer has before him a bright future.

M. DIMITRI SLAWIANSKI D'AGRENEFF'S Company of Russian Singers, who are shortly expected in Berlin, was formed in 1870, and made its first public appearance in 1872, at the Grand International Exhibition in Moscow. The members live together like the members of a large family on M. Agreneff's large estate at Twer, on the road between Moscow and St Petersburg, meeting daily for vocal practice, and making more or less distant concert-excursions. The proceeds of a certain number of their concerts are devoted to charitable purposes. Except in Russia, these singers have as yet been heard only in America, and recently in Constantinople. They will wear Russian costumes of the 16th and 17th centuries, which have been copied from models preserved in the Kremlin at Moscow.

MDME. NEVADA-PALMER has arrived at New York, and is equally full of the success of her grand wedding in Paris and her magnificent trousseau. In fact both were intended to make a stir in the world. The only trouble is that a staunch little American like Nevada should have all four of the grand ceremonies that characterised her marriage performed in a foreign land, and as it would do no harm to have a fifth benediction said over this happy union, why not let her compatriots have the happiness of seeing the sacred ceremony repeated at the great Fifth Avenue Cathedral. This would somewhat serve to equalise matters, and give our sympathetic matrons an opportunity to partake in a small degree of the bliss of the fair and blushing bride. Give America a chance, says the "American Art Journal."

## Stanzas for Music.

### NO. VIII.—LOVE'S CALENDAR.

What is love in spring-time?

Song and sun and showers,

Dappled days and dainty ways

All among the flowers;

Daisy chains and rath sun-roses,

Violets and blue-bell posies;

Sing, Love; sing, Love,—

Thus it is in spring, Love.

What is love in summer?

Song and sun and dream, Love;

Tearless eyes and cloudless skies,

Golden joy and gleam, Love;

Perfect noons and shady bowers,

Crescent moons and silent hours;

Sing, Love; sing, Love,—

Love has passed its spring, Love.

What is love in autumn?

Flame and mist and death, Love;

Golden sun and shadows dun,

Sighs and sobbing breath, Love;

Bitter cold and darkness creeping

Where the dead gold leaves lie sleeping;

Weep, Love; weep, Love,—

Dark the grave and deep, Love.

What is love in winter?

Ah, you ask in vain, Love;

Life has fled, and love is dead—

All the flowers slain, Love.

Hither comes no blithe new morrow;

Only rest from joy and sorrow;

Rest, Love; rest, Love,—

Winter is the best, Love.

M. Q.

## Humoresque.

"PAPA, what are the stops of an organ for?"  
"They are for varying the tone of an instrument. One causes a flute tone, another a deep tone, and so on." "I see. Has the hand-organ stops?" "No, my son; there is no stop to the hand organ till you tell the man you will stop him with a brick if he doesn't move off."

A MAN in a train groaned so frightfully that a passenger took pity on him and gave him a drink of water. "Do you feel better?" asked the giver. "I do," said the other. "What ailed you?" "Ailed me?" "Yes, what made you groan so?" "Groan! Great land of freedom, I was singing!"

LITTLE LILLY has been taken by her mother to see the performance of an operetta, and naively asks, "Mamma dear, what is the difference between an opera and an operetta?" "The operetta," mamma replies, "is simply a small opera, just as I am a grown-up lady and you are a little girl." "Ah," Lilly says, with apparent understanding, "that's the reason the old ladies in the operetta wear as short dresses as I wear."

It is related in the Philadelphia Press that when the composer of "The Mikado" arrived at McCall's



New York, wedding in both were only trouble should have characterised her it would do this happy appiness of great Fifth serve to matrons as the bliss of a chance,

Opera House in that city on a Monday evening, he found it well filled, and so, wishing to avoid publicity, went around to the stage door with Mr Carte. "Well," demanded the bluff old doorkeeper, "what's wanted?" "We want to go in," replied the composer. "Not by this door, sir. Go 'round front." "I don't wish to go around front. I am Mr Sullivan." "Heigh?" "Mr Sullivan, the composer." "Oh, no." "But come now; we must go in, my good man." "Well, you shan't go in. Orders, and that settles it." Sir Arthur succeeded eventually in having a message sent to Manager M'Caull, and the latter explained the matter, and led the author and Mr Carte to the box that had been set apart for them.

— DR KITCHENER, among the whimsical recipes in his "Cook's Oracle," gives one for "Buttle and Squeak," or Fried Beef or Mutton and Cabbage—

When, 'midst the Frying-Pan in accents Savage,  
The Beef, so surly, quarrels with the Cabbage.

Dr Minor



It may be hoped that the result of his cookery instruction was less eccentric than his musical grammar.



From "Truth" Christmas Number, 1884.

— ANTWERP, although a rich city, has its conservatory of music in a back-yard, with a charitable soup-kitchen on one side and an undertaker's establishment on the other. Accordingly when Gounod visited one of the professors, Peter Benoit, he remarked: "Maitre, you are hard to find; I went to your neighbour on the left and he offered me a basin of gruel; I then tried him on the right and he wanted to provide me with a coffin."

— AWAY out west is a musical club, which devotes an occasional evening to hearing the life of a composer and listening to his compositions. A bright young Bostonian says of the Schumann evening, that first they dissected the victim, and then sang the songs evolved. On the Gounod evening a lady sang, "Sing, Smile, and Slumber," and a critic said that the lady sang, while part of the members smiled and the rest slumbered.

THE effect of music on the senses was oddly and wonderfully verified during the mourning of the Duke of Cumberland, uncle of George III. A tailor had a great number of black suits, which were to be finished in a very short space of time. Among his workmen there was a fellow who was always singing "Rule Britannia," and the rest of the journeymen joined in the chorus. The tailor made his observations, and found that the slow time of the tune retarded the work. In consequence, he engaged a blind fiddler, and placing him near the work-shop, made him play constantly the lively tune of "Nancy Dawson." The design had the desired effect; the tailors' elbows moved obedient to the melody, and the clothes were sent home within the prescribed period.

— THE organ blower in a London church once fell asleep during the service, of which fact the audience soon became conscious by the vigorous blowing of his own organ. The Rev. Arthur Hall, the preacher, after hearing for awhile, stopped and remarked:

"I do not object to a quiet nap on a hot day, and am flattered at being able to contribute to anybody's repose; but, while proud at being able to give the beloved sleep, I wish it distinctly understood that I draw the line at snoring. There is a man snoring in the congregation, and I shall be obliged if somebody will waken him."

The offender was quickly roused.

— A SUBSCRIBER to a series of concerts, not one of which he ever missed, though he always appeared dreadfully bored, was gaping, as he frequently did, during the performance, when some person near him observed, "You do not appear to be much amused." "I am not, far from it!" "Then why do you come? Why do you subscribe?" "For the sake of the exquisite pleasure I feel when each concert is over."

## Notices of New Music.

F. PITMAN, 20 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

The second volume of *Pitman's Musical Monthly* is a repository of music, new and old, for all instruments and all tastes. The catholicity of spirit shown in the selection of the music is equalled by its generous abundance.

*Bon-Ton Polka*, by Leonard Gautier, is briskness itself. The harmonies are specially pleasing, which is no unimportant matter in dance pieces of the vigorous order. *Idle Moments*, a schottische by the same composer, hardly rises into the class of original things, but it moves with characteristic spirit, and makes motion all but a necessity. *Cara Fior*, a waltz, also by Leonard Gautier, is by this time an established favourite, and no one can say that its vogue is ill-deserved.

*Summer Dreams*, waltz by Jessie Morison, follows the well-known lines. It has one of the broad, swaying melodies that dancers luxuriate in, and the contrasting themes are chosen with an eye to effect.

*Dawning of Love*, waltz by Reginald Foy. Is likely to satisfy the demand for novelty that seizes pleasure-seekers at this season. It is smoothly written, and as fresh as any reasonable being need expect.

W. J. WILLCOCKS & CO., 11 BERNER STREET, LONDON.

*Dearest to Me*. Words by Edward Oxenford. Composed by J. Twinnam Gardner.—This is a tale of a girl—presumably English, from her speech—who is in love with Donald, "a gillie so bonnie" that the infatuated creature vows to strive until death to prove herself worthy of him. Probably she was a ward in Chancery, and Donald—well, he wore the tartan. *Caught at Last*, by the same collaborators, opens in a different temper. The lady protests, "I do not love you. How I wish you'd go away." But the sequel is pretty much the same. The music is fully as good as the words deserve.

CITY MUSIC PUBLISHING CO., MOORGATE STATION, ARCADE, E.C.

*Serenade, with Violin Obligato*. By Erskine Allon.—This is a setting of the charming lines, "O mellow moonlight warm," by James Thomson, author of "The City of Dreadful Night," whose strong poetic work Mr Allon apparently does not know at first hand, or he would not describe him as "B. V. Thomson." The serenade is distinctly pleasing. We can scarcely do it justice, however, as we happen to be familiar with another setting which much more closely fits the words.

## Questions and Answers.

HANS J.—The ground of your comparison is erroneous. You really have to distinguish between the French overture—a form invented by Lully, in which a grave movement was followed by a figure and the whole rounded off by a repetition of the first movement—and the Italian overture consisting of three separate move-

ments—the first and third rapid, and the central one lightly scored. There are other and later species, but your question only relates itself to the two mentioned.

DR S.—Your question is already answered in the article on Musical Pitch. Any recent work on Acoustics will give you the other explanation, which would occupy unnecessary space here.

N. WILSON.—Your dislike of the triangle stop is not without justification. Many of the best instruments are now made without either it or the sordine.

VELASQUEZ.—The Grand Prix de Rome was gained by Hérold in 1818. You are right in supposing that other well-known musicians have held it—Haldy, Berlioz, Ambroise Thomas, Gounod, Massé, Bizet, Massenet, &c.

ADMIRER.—"J'en ette and Jeannot" is by Charles W. Glover.

P. R.—The subject has been already used by Schubert and Kupelwieser.

H. DERRY.—It was of Dreyshock: that Cramer said he had two right hands, meaning, of course, that the left was as well developed as the right. The majority of players have two left hands.

PAGANINI.—Try a silk string and exercise patience. That was what the great "Pag" was compelled to do.

VIOLA.—It is a pity so little music has been written for your instrument. Joachim's "Hebrew Melodies," for tenor and piano, are worth your attention.

CRITIC.—No; the fact is the other way. Rubinstein says, "Soon the time will come, if it has not already come, when every one will play a sonata of Beethoven's, or direct a symphony of his, just as it pleases him; and no one will, with an authority based on criticism, be able to say to him, 'that is wrong.'"

A BASSO.—Your pitiful moan on the low E Flat has touched us. We shall provide something soon for the deep and stentorian ones. May their powers never be less!

AMA TEUR thinks that clever and well-to-do singers might employ their time and talents in helping forward the musical education of poor young students, instead of aspiring to earn money as professional singers. Our correspondent affirms that these are her sentiments, and they do her no discredit.

L. J. D.—You should distinguish between Exercises and Studies in your tuition. The first is intended to develop some special technical facility. The second should present the matter of the exercise in its musical connection; that is, as part of a composer's mode of expression.

JAMES PHILLIPS.—The introduction of the Musetta in Gavottes is quite optional, though it imparts a pleasant old-world flavour. It is of course intended to give something of the effect of a bagpipe, the drone of the unchanged fundamental bass lending itself to that end.

QUINTUS CURTIUS.—If you are desirous of plunging into the abyss, by all means make your will, and do it. But the chain which has opened in modern opera will, we are afraid, hold a large number of you without viable inconvenience.

POLY GLOT.—Consumption of the larynx is more dangerous than you imagine. Your doctor is perfectly right.

JOHN S. ELL.—The song you mention is by Randeegger.

W. S. D.—We should counsel you to forego your trip and visit Bayreuth in the course of next July or August, when you will hear it better rendered.

C. L.—We have certainly no interest in the ordinary musical trade. The *Magazine* stands on an entirely independent basis.

J. DOWNS.—Thank you, but we are glad to know you are not the unique possession of life. It has also its "ups."



### THE HARMONIUM.—VI.

In a former lesson I advised the beginner to abstain from using the Expression Stop until he had acquired without it a fair amount of ease, both in the use of the treadles and in manipulation. It is not necessary or even advisable, however, that he should postpone the use of it indefinitely, inasmuch as it occupies a more important place in the harmonium than the loud and soft pedals in the piano. It is, of course, the normal means of securing modification in degree of sound—the Swell and Forte Stops being less frequent in their use and distinct in their effects. The expert player will draw the Expression Stop when he sits down to his instrument as naturally as he will place his feet on the treadles, since it makes all the difference in the world between crude, coarse, level playing, and subtle and refined interpretation. An inflexible dead level of tone may, of course, have its fitness upon occasion, but, for the most part, phrases, bars and even individual notes have their separate and private value to the finer ear, and this can be given effect to on the harmonium in no other way.

The difficulties in its use arise from the fact that it works by a simplification of the mechanism called into action by the treadles without it. In immediate connection with the treadles are two small bellows known as "feeders," from which, when the Expression Stop is closed, the wind passes into larger bellows, with more or less capacity for storage, and in communication with the reeds. The slowness with which this reservoir empties admits of a considerable prolongation of the sound after the feet have ceased action. The Expression Stop, however, shuts off communication between the "feeders" and the reservoir, and places the former in direct communication with the reeds. The difference is, therefore, similar to that of playing a pipe with a wind-bag attached and playing it with the mouth. There is no storage in the feeders; the force and duration of the pressure of the foot tell directly upon the force and duration of the sound; and the moment the player withdraws his feet the sound ceases. It follows, accordingly, since the outlet of the wind from the feeders is no longer into the reservoir, but by the small reed-orifices, that much greater resistance is offered to the



player, necessitating some exercise of physical strength in order to work the treadles. And it is further obvious that to secure continuity of sound, one or other foot must be in movement at every point of the performance.

Now such a degree of facility in the use of the treadles with the Expression Stop as will enable a player to render even a simple piece of music discriminately and sympathetically, is not to be obtained without long and careful practice in special studies. A simple sequence of chords should be taken, and a patient endeavour made to secure, in the first place, uniformity of tone—steady unbroken horizontal tone. This should be practised in various degrees of loudness; for instance, the student may first set himself to produce a uniform *mezzo-forte* tone, then a uniform *piano*, a uniform *piu-forte*, a uniform *forte*, and the like. When he has succeeded in producing a smooth sequence at any point in the gradation of tone, he may essay the *crescendo* and *diminuendo*—remembering, however, to practise them in varying degrees of duration, from the brief *crescendo* and *diminuendo* of a single bar to the slow rise and fall of a more prolonged passage.

In addition to these regular expressive effects, the player will find it possible to accomplish with the feet many others of great occasional value. Thus the reiteration of a note frequently performed with the fingers may be usefully accomplished without lifting the hands, by a series of jerks with the heel or by a rapid alternation of the treadles. A similar movement, though in this case the treadle is allowed freedom of recoil, will yield an effective staccato. Not less useful, though easily carried to the excess as the *vibrato* is with many vocalists, is the production of the tremolando by imparting a slight quivering motion to the foot. It should, however, be seldom used unless it is indicated in the music. In most embellishments the Expression Stop is needed to ensure that the instrument shall respond with sufficient promptitude, a slight additional pressure being given to the bellows for that purpose.

The following piece by Rink will afford the pupil plenty of exercise, some skill both in fingering and in expression being necessary to give full effect to its phrasing. The indication of a phrase by an over or under line implies that it is to be played with the utmost smoothness, and with a slight disconnection at the end to punctuate it, even if no special rests are marked. Some little ingenuity may be used in giving colour to the repetition of the phrasing the bass.



### THE VIOLIN—VII.

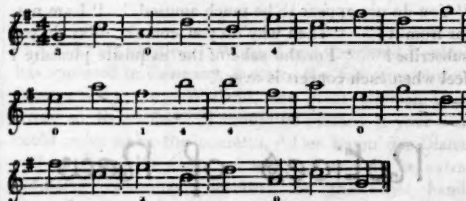
Too much stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of practising with the upper half of the bow, and the student should supplement the exercises given here with exercises intended to develop the light, crisp, staccato style which forms so charming a feature in violin playing. To play with the lower half of the bow is for the beginner relatively easier, because the weight of the bow and of the hand then makes itself felt upon the string, giving steadiness and control. This, however, is at the expense of tone except when the notes are long drawn. If you have an ambition, like most young players, to dash off quick dance measures, you will find you are laying up disappointment for yourself if you do not resolutely overcome the excess of difficulty there is in playing with the upper half of the bow. In practising, pains should be taken to master the fingering first, moderating the speed accordingly; then, when the fingers begin to fall into position with something like automatic ease, the exercise should be played at a progressive speed until you get to a maximum.

A little difference of opinion exists as to the order of keys which the student should follow in his studies. Some manuals start him in C, the natural key, and lead him from that into the flat keys. An obvious disadvantage in this mode of progression is that the F on the first string has to be played with the finger pressed close to the nut, involving a slight shifting of the hand at a stage in the tuition when the hand should be closely adapting itself to the neck of the instrument. There is also an uncertainty as to intonation resulting from this which is unsettling to a pupil whose ear has to be trained. These and other considerations should determine you to confine your study for some time to the sharp keys, beginning with G or one sharp, then going on to D or two sharps, and to A with three sharps. When you have worked your way through these keys,

you can afford, by your acquired power over the instrument, to bestow more time upon the flat keys.

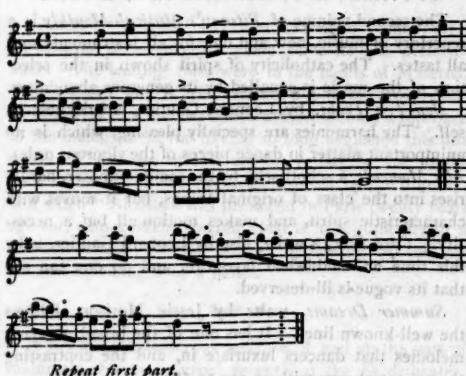
You may be cautioned here to avoid looking at the fingers when playing. The eyes have essentially nothing to do with violin-playing. From the earliest moment you should endeavour to rely upon the ear, which with increasing exercise in the atmosphere of music will gain in keenness of perception, while your confidence in it will have a corresponding growth. Related to this also is the development of musical memory. This is a faculty capable of being carried to a very high pitch, and there can be no question as to the enormous advantage it confers upon a musician. The hopeful aspect of the matter is that memory comes very fully under the category of things that may be cultivated. Only a gifted one here and there can, like Richter, carry Beethoven symphonies in his head, but a very meagre natural endowment may certainly be largely expanded. Therefore the habit of playing accurately from memory should be cultivated from the earliest stage.

The following exercise on fourths should be practised, stretching with the fourth finger where marked:—



In the following extract the dotted notes are to be played staccato, using the upper part of the bow, and taking care to play the accented note at the beginning of the bar on the down stroke.

### RONDO.



Repeat first part.



In order to stimulate the literary, musical, and artistic activities of our readers, we propose to offer from month to month a series of prizes for the best examples of one or other form of Composition.

All pieces in Competition are to be fully stamped, and marked outside with the title of Competition, and may either bear the name and address of Competitor, or a *nom de plume*. Address. COMPETITION EDITOR, *Magazine of Music*, 23 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

**Vocal Waltz.**—It is regretted that our effort to induce writers of waltzes to depart for once from the hackneyed form has been a comparative failure. We hoped that the form suggested—which was not without difficulties, it must be admitted—would have stimulated Competitors to produce a waltz with definite characteristics, yet possessing the qualities of a dance composition. Some of the pieces submitted are skilfully put together, and in their way effective, but the adjudicators recommend that the competition should be kept open in terms of the announcement. We repeat, therefore, the intimation that a prize of Three Guineas will be given for a vocal waltz, without any restriction as to the words used. MSS. must be lodged by February 1.

**Illustration of a Musical Subject.**—The prize has been awarded to the clever sketch "Sea-Music," by Baldwyn, which is reproduced in our "Christmas Supplement."

**Christmas Card.**—A considerable number of attempts at a Christmas Card have been submitted, but some have been faulty in conception and some in working out. We regret that no one is quite worthy to be the means of conveying the Christmas greeting of the *Magazine* to the readers. The most meritorious were two sketches sent in by J. C. S. Brough, Combe.

**Song.**—Four settings of the words, "Ahey for the north, and ahey for the south," have been set apart by the adjudicators as possessing more than average merit. Ranking after Mr Collison's treatment of the words, which appears in the Music Supplement of the present number, that by Miss Hilda Waller may first be mentioned. It is an eminently vocal production, lying within a practicable compass, and rising to considerable expression without strain. The way in which the varying sentiment of the verse is brought out with but slight modulation is specially happy. The piano part is, in the strict sense, an accompaniment, unelaborated, but sufficient, helping out, moreover, the light and fluent movement of the song, while the harmonisation is at all times pleasing. Miss Waller's work would charm wherever sung; and it is of its merits that very many

could sing it with satisfaction. A setting by G. D. La Camera arrested attention on account of the phrasing being very different from that into which the words had tempted most of the competitors. There is in the song much clever work in turning the phrase, on which the melody is mainly built, to the purposes of expression, thus giving admirable unity to the composition. The throbb of the sea is also strongly felt in it; and the whole feeling of the voice part and accompaniment, if something more sombre than consists with success, is certainly impressive. Miss G. J. Rolls has sent in a composition showing some happy melodic turns. Indeed, the voice part has beauties that will not readily pall. The composer has yielded to the temptation to set the words "To blow and blow" in conventional form, though with singular effect. Considerable dramatic force also appears in the treatment of the lines ending "When the awful midnight fell." The accompaniment is vigorously wrought out. It is a blemish that the order of the lines has been changed in the last verse; and it may be added that the writing was not of a nature to lighten the labours of the adjudicators. Mr Alexander Grant has submitted a piece showing an effort to closely reflect the spirit of the words. There is considerable force in the setting though it is hardly spontaneous enough.

Speaking generally of the pieces sent in, it was gratifying to find the standard so high. There was some interest, also, in noting the limitations of musical expression. For example, the phrasing of the refrain in the prize setting is a type of three-fourths of the piece, and a similarity of outline was general. The marked character of the lines is, of course, partly explanatory of this.

**Hymn Tune.**—Half-a-guinea will be given for the best Hymn Tune, the composition of any reader under 16 years of age. Competition closes 5th January.

The above conditions are subject to modification up to last issue of this Magazine prior to closing of competition. The Editor cannot undertake to notice any communications from Competitors. Letters from Competitors asking the results of competitions constantly reach us. To all we must reply that such information is given only in these columns.

The Prizes are subject to be re-announced if the pieces lodged are not held to have sufficient merit.

### CHRISTMAS PRIZES.

250 Piano.

270 American Organ.

214 Violinist's Outfit, complete.

For particulars, see separate page.

## London and Provincial Concert Dates.

[Concert-Directors and Secretaries are invited to send information for this column, which should arrive not later than the 10th of each month.]

### London.

Nov. 26, at 3.—Pianoforte Recital by Mr Tobias A. Mathay, Princess Hall, Piccadilly.

Dec. 1.—"Mors et Vita," Albert Hall.

Dec. 8.—Heckmann Quartet, Prince's Hall.

### Bath.

Dec. 10, at 8.—Mendelssohn's Music to Midsummer Night's Dream, Assembly Rooms.

Dec. 23, at 8.—"Messiah," Assembly Rooms.

### Bedford.

Dec. 8.—Mozart's "Requiem," and Part I. of "Messiah."

Dec. 14.—Third Popular Concert.

### Birmingham.

Dec. 10, at 7.30.—Mr Stockley's Orchestral Concert, Town Hall.

Dec. 26, at 7.30.—"Messiah," by Festival Choral Society.

### Brighton.

Dec. 3.—"Mors et Vita," Mr Renzger, Conductor.

Dec. 16.—Orchestral Society's Concert.

### Cardiff.

Dec. 1, at 8.—"Elijah," St Patrick's Cathedral.

Dec. 5, 12, 19, 26.—Mr Collison's Popular Concert.

### Dundee.

Dec. 10, at 7.30.—"Rose of Sharon," Kinnaird Hall.

### Edinburgh.

Dec. 9, at 8.—"Rose of Sharon," Music Hall.

Dec. 16, at 8.—Orchestral, Conductor Mr Manns, Music Hall.

Dec. 21, at 8.—Do. do. do. do.

Dec. 28, at 8.—Do. do. do. do.

### Glasgow.

Dec. 8, at 8.—"Rose of Sharon," St Andrew's Hall.

Dec. 15, 22, 23, at 8.—Orchestral Concerts, St Andrew's Hall.

### Manchester.

Dec. 7.30.—Mr Halle's Weekly Thursday Concert, Free Trade Hall.

Dec. 30, at 7.30.—"Messiah."

### Nottingham.

Dec. 9, at 8.—Cowen's "Rose-Maiden" and Miscellaneous.

### Wolverhampton.

Dec. 29, at 7.30.—"Elijah," Agricultural Hall.

### York.

Dec. 9, at 7.30.—Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Festival Concert Room.

Dec. 17, at 7.30.—Handel's "Messiah."

